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CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

AN APPRECIATION BY ETHEL ROMANES

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CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

By permission of Miss Bramston, from a photograph taken in Elderfield Garden, 1898.

Frontispiece.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

AN APPRECIATION

BY

ETHEL ROMANES

AUTHOR OF
'THE LIFE OF G. J. ROMANES,' 'THE STORY OF PORT ROYAL,'
'BIBLE READINGS,' ETC.

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO., LTD.
LONDON: 34 GREAT CASTLE ST., OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
OXFORD: 9 HIGH STREET
1908

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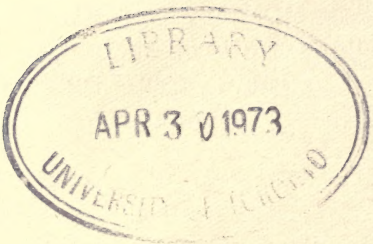
R65
1908
cop. 2



PREFACE

THIS little book is not intended to rival or supersede Miss Coleridge's larger *Life*.

What the writer set out to do was to show that Miss Yonge was indeed a leader of religion, and that she had a very great share in that movement which we know as the Oxford Movement.

I have therefore tried as much as possible not to repeat anything which is found in Miss Coleridge's *Life*, and have sought to make the book what I have called it—'an appreciation.'

My best thanks are due to Miss Coleridge and Messrs. Macmillan for permission to quote from the *Life* and from the works of Miss Yonge; to Messrs. Parker and the editor of *Mothers in Council* for a like permission; to Mrs. Knight, Miss Cazenove, Miss Ireland Blackburne, and Miss Patteson for letters; to Miss Wordsworth for her delightful reminiscences; and, finally, to Lady Frederick Cavendish for her interesting contribution.

E. R.

PITCALZEAN,
1908.

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CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

(1823—1843)

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE was born on August 11, 1823, and died March 24, 1901.

She was of a good and honourable Devonshire family. Her father, William Yonge, served through the Peninsular War, and was present at Waterloo —a great and lifelong joy to his daughter. He had fallen in love with a certain Miss Fanny Bargus, but the course of true love by no means ran smooth, and for five years the attachment between the young people was unacknowledged by the stern parents. William Yonge's father, Mr. Duke Yonge, Vicar of Cornwood, in Devonshire, reasonably enough, demurred to his son, a young man considerably under thirty, throwing up his profession, and Mrs. Bargus, unreasonably, (at least, so it seems to modern people), would not let her only daughter marry a soldier. At last, in 1822, these difficulties were removed. William Yonge resigned his commission, and settled down on a tiny property at Otterbourne, near Winchester, which Mrs. Bargus

had bought, and where it was arranged that the young people should live with her.

It must have been a very great sacrifice, for Mr. Yonge loved his profession and Devonshire, and was an active and vigorous man. To us in these days, when it is more the fashion to consider children than parents, the idea of an elderly woman insisting on what seems likely to spoil a man's life is absolutely monstrous; but Mr. Yonge took it as a matter of course, and was always a dutiful son to his somewhat difficult mother-in-law. It is curious to see how strong Miss Yonge's views always were on the subject of duties to the old.

In *Heartsease*, for instance, Helen Fotheringham is allowed to spoil not only her own, but also the life of her betrothed lover, John Martindale, by taking care of an imbecile grandfather. Helen was a very beautiful character, and possibly the sacrifice of not merely the best years of her own and of John's life, but of her health, was necessary. What is odd is that Miss Yonge has no doubt or suspicion that Helen could have done anything else; there was no clash of duties. The grandmother in *Henrietta's Wish*, we are sure, is a recollection of Mrs. Bargus, but we will return to this book later on; it is such a perfect illustration of the change in ideas of the relations between young and old which has come since 1823.

The numerous cousins; the associations with good, pious, cultivated forefathers and contemporaries; the chivalrous ideals among which she was nurtured; the sweet English scenery, so quiet and soothing—the landscape, in fact, of the *Christian Year*

—together with the Devonshire rocks and moors and sea, all made up influences which had much to do with making Charlotte what she became. She was a child of the English Church; she was a thorough Englishwoman. Loyalty to Church and Throne, an absolute devotion to duty, a love of what was good and beautiful, a deep reverence for sacred things, a certain reserve which resulted in an awkward shyness—all these are so truly English. It is probable that much which helped to build up her character is passing away, or has passed away. But so long as the Church which she loved so much and served so well exists, so long will good and holy men and women be trained up to work, if not on the lines she thought best, at least in her spirit and for the same cause, under the same Captain.

Through all the years of her long life she did a noble work, and it was nothing less than this: she showed in all her books how intimately Creed and Character are linked; she taught in every book that there was one thing, and one only, which everyone, from the crowned monarch on his throne to the little servant-girl in her scullery, had to think about: 'What ought I to do? What is it God requires of me?' Miss Yonge shrank from overmuch talk about religion in her books and in daily life, but in reality she and Brother Lawrence were absolutely agreed. She lived and moved in the Presence of God, and she made the sense of that living Presence a motive power in the lives of her best people.

She showed how every Article in the Creed was, not some theological dogma expressed in technical language, but was a living truth which would act

on the lives of those who assimilated it, and make them fruitful.

Charlotte Yonge has been sneered at more than once for exalting the domestic virtues, yet it was she who was almost the first story-teller who dared to write of the Religious Life as a normal development. It was she who wrote the life of our great missionary Bishop Patteson, who certainly 'left father and mother and all that he had for Christ's sake and the Gospel.' It was she who, in the magazine she edited for so long, set forth the ideals and the lives of the faithful in the Western and Eastern branches of the Church.

But she was absolutely loyal to the English Church, and recognized that in this much-despised communion there are possibilities of sanctity, and privileges, and peace and joy and access to God.

She has influenced many people who are now themselves old; she has held up to them an ideal of goodness; she has made them know the possibilities within their own Church; she does indeed deserve a place among the leaders of religion in the Church of England.

Of course, as a writer she has limitations: she is not a Jane Austen or a George Eliot; but in her own degree she has a place among the great ones of literature, if it were only for the *Little Duke* and for creating Dr. May. But of all this we shall say more.

But no one who cares for the Church, no one who really wishes to know something of the history of that extraordinary revival of life and of devotion in the Anglican Communion, ought to ignore Charlotte Mary Yonge, or think of her as a mere writer

of domestic tales which possess a High Church flavour, and are rather tiresome and prolix. They are much more than this, and some of them deserve to be remembered, and probably will be held in affection, for many a year to come.

Charlotte Mary Yonge was for more than six years her parents' only child. Her brother was born on January 31, 1830. She has told us a great deal about her childhood, which was a happy one, although it lacked much of what is now considered essential to a child's happiness. Companions of her own age she had not many, except during the joyous times of the annual visits to Devonshire to the cousinhood there.

She was taught by father and mother, and they were undoubtedly intelligent and clever people, much inclined to the bracing system which the Edgeworths had introduced, and to overmuch repression and snubbing. Possibly a good deal of her awkwardness and shyness might have been overcome had she lived among people with real country tastes and more powers of gratifying them. She never seems to have been taught to ride or drive, or encouraged to do anything except take moderate walks. But it was the fashion of the day that women should be incapable of bodily exertion.

At home there were regular lessons in the morning, walks or play by herself in the afternoon, and not very much more. As a little girl the only children near at hand were the Shipleys of Twyford, but, alas! they did not like 'pretend games.'

It is surely herself whom Miss Yonge describes in *Countess Kate*. Kate, that most delightful and

natural of little girls, who had no control over a squeaky voice, whose greatest joy was to play at the Lady of the Lake, or at 'Hermione descending to soft music'; Kate, whose clothes tore of themselves, and to whom dirt and brambles attached themselves, who was warm-hearted and loyal, and loved a stern but just rule, and was too shy to do herself justice, seems a description of Charlotte.

Miss Yonge, especially in her earlier books, was fond of describing fathers and uncles who were stern, upright, rather awe-inspiring, but withal the most delightful of playfellows and the most sympathetic of friends. Uncle Geoffrey in *Henrietta's Wish*, Colonel Umfraville in *Countess Kate*, are, we feel pretty sure, suggested by Mr. William Yonge.

There is also a charming story, *The Sea Spleenwort*, which first appeared in a set of tales called *The Magnet Stories*. These volumes charmed not a few little people fifty years ago. *The Sea Spleenwort* is surely a bit of autobiography, with the delightful account of the seaside home and numerous cousins.

To her father Miss Yonge looked up with unquestioning love and loyalty, but he was a rather impatient and exacting parent. He was an exceedingly handsome man, and Miss Yonge speaks of his

> 'dark keen eyes, with the most wonderful power both for sweetness and for sternness that I ever knew. . . . I loved their approval and their look of affection, and dreaded their displeasure more than anything else.
>
> 'Even now (1877), when for twenty-three years they have been closed, to think of their beaming

smile seems to me to recall my greatest happiness, of their warning glance my chief dread and shame.'*

The description Miss Yonge gives of her mother is very charming, and shows how bright and intelligent a person Mrs. Yonge must have been; her married life so much happier than her childhood. Her letters are delightful.

When Charlotte was five years old, Mrs. Yonge took her to the Sunday-school which had been set up by Mr. Yonge in a small cottage in 1822. On week-days the school was taught by a Dame, who certainly did not know much, but could at any rate teach reading, needlework, and—manners. Surely *Chantry House* and its descriptions of what the Winslows found in their parish was a tolerably exact account of the funny arrangements the Yonges discovered at Otterbourne, where a rather odd individual Mr. Shuckburgh, was curate to Archdeacon Heathcote, who was Vicar of Hursley, to which Otterbourne was united.

In 1834 the Rev. William Henry Walter Bigg-Wither came as curate. He remained there for thirty-seven years, and was Miss Yonge's friend until the day of his death. He was a type of the well-born, old-fashioned, devout Churchman of that day, a Winchester man, and a Fellow of New College, with the complete classical training of both; and he also belonged to an old Hampshire family. He was strongly influenced by Keble and Oxford, but was always old-fashioned in practice, and hated innova-

* *Autobiography*, p. 51, in Miss Coleridge's *Life*.

tions. He is not forgotten even now, and his nieces (he was never married) were some of Miss Yonge's dearest friends.

It is delightful to read of the changes he introduced, and of the boys' school with a master who probably was not up to the 'third standard.' Certainly for enthusiastic Church-people, who were fond of school-teaching, those were happy days. They could, if they had the money or could raise it, set up a school, and work out all their theories on the children whom they collected, with no Inspector or County Council before their eyes. And it is a rather curious fact that it was on schools that the energy of Mrs. Yonge and of Charlotte chiefly concentrated. They never seem to have visited the people very much or made friends with them individually, and to the last days of her life Charlotte hardly ever seems to have visited the school-children when they in their turn had become fathers and mothers. The strict and, for a young girl, wise rules of her parents, which prohibited 'cottage visiting,' were kept to by her when she was a grown-up woman, and her shyness prevented her from expressing the affection and interest which she really felt. This was undoubtedly a great pity.

The chief events up to 1835 seem to have been a visit to Oxford in 1834 in order to see the Duke of Wellington installed as Chancellor, and the death of a favourite cousin, James Yonge, a Winchester boy of eighteen. There again comes out the likeness to Countess Kate. Charlotte says of herself how she fell into disgrace for appearing unfeeling, and how glad she was to remember 'the cats must

be fed.' Kate had an impatience of grown-up people in affliction.

Latin and arithmetic were added to her studies, and tears were often the consequence of the lessons given her before breakfast by her impatient father, whose approbation was, however, delightful, and who bestowed on his little pupil a watch as a prize during the winter of 1834, to her unbounded surprise. A French master gave her lessons in his own tongue and in Spanish, and Charlotte's first beginnings of story-telling arose. For her French master she composed a story of the adventures of a family —Emilie, Rosalie, Henriette and Pauline Melville. Some years afterwards she worked this up into a little book, which was sold at a bazaar for Otterbourne Church, and called *Le Château de Melville.*

The Coleridges became friends when Mr. John Taylor Coleridge was made a Judge, and brought his girls to Winchester and Otterbourne when he went the Western Circuit. With both his daughters Charlotte made great and lifelong friendship. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the brother-in-law of Mr. Justice Patteson, and biographer of Keble, was one of the best of men.

Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Keble, Sir William Heathcote, were all friends at Oxford, scholars with kindred tastes. No wonder Charlotte, with her father and her cousin, Lord Seaton, and some others, notably Warden Barter, constantly in her view, grew up with a high ideal of what men might be and were. She saw good men in daily life—men with faults and quick tempers, but with noble ideals, high principles, and lives guided and ruled by a very deep

and practical piety. And in 1835 Dr. Moberly came to Winchester, and Mr. Keble to Hursley.

Mr. Keble was, as Miss Yonge says, the great influence of her life. With Mr. Yonge he formed a deep friendship, which Miss Yonge says reminded her of the bond between Laud and Strafford.

The views of the early Tractarians were not in any way alien to the right-minded Church-people of the day. That the Church of England possessed the Apostolic Ministry and the power of the Keys, and that Sacraments were indeed outward signs of God's favour and grace, were simply neglected truths, which not a few Church-people had always held. There were not a few who, like the Mr. Bowdler of whom Miss Coleridge speaks in her *Life of Miss Yonge*, were 'High Churchmen before the High Church movement.' Alexander Knox is one of the most conspicuous of these, and with his writings Mr. Keble was well acquainted.

It is forty years since Mr. Keble passed away, but his holy and blessed memory still lingers around Hursley, and bestows on the little village and on the Church an atmosphere which is impossible to describe to those who do not love Keble and the *Christian Year*. There is still that peculiar sense of peace, of confidence, of hope; it is still a place where one realizes the possibility of lives which may be in no way outwardly remarkable, but which are blessed for evermore.

It is an essentially quiet English village, with the traditions of Church and State strongly impressed on it. The village school, where the old Dame who made the children 'so good' taught, is still there.

Photo by W. T. Green.

HURSLEY CHURCH.

To face page 10.

Will it really benefit anyone when all that made Hursley what it is has been swept away?

Church-building had become Mr. Yonge's passion. Otterbourne village was no longer near the old church, and he and the clergy set to work to build the present church. Mr. Yonge, his daughter tells us, gave up quite quietly his much-loved expeditions to Devonshire, and both he and his wife denied themselves luxuries in order to have money for the church.

Otterbourne Church is the result of pioneer work. Miss Yonge says:

> 'It is cross-shaped, but with a chancel purposely shallow, because both [Mr. Keble and Mr. Yonge] felt the impropriety of using it for sittings, and choirs in the country were undreamt of, and altogether it is an effort towards better things.'*

Charlotte had begun to study the *Christian Year*, and knew that Mr. Keble was a great man when he came into her life, and one can imagine the mingled awe and ecstasy which must have filled the enthusiastic girl's heart when she was allowed to become his pupil and be prepared by him for her Confirmation. Her own account of it is delightful.

She was awed at first, but he was so tender and gentle with her that she lost nervousness and became perfectly happy. Indeed, Mr. Keble's influence and character were, it would seem to us, just what Charlotte needed. The atmosphere of her home was bracing and rather stern, and it had

* *Musings on the Christian Year.*

made her loyal and upright and dutiful; but now she encountered loyalty and uprightness, and also that gentleness and sympathy which we find in the real saints, those who most truly reflect our Lord. We are grateful to Mr. Keble for many, many reasons, and the part he had in developing Charlotte Yonge is not the least of these.

He taught her carefully the true value and meaning of Confirmation, and took her through the Catechism, dwelling, she tells us, on what was a favourite thought of his own: that the Jewish nation and all its training, and all that it underwent, are types of God's dealings with each Christian soul.

He also took her through the services of Holy Communion and Holy Baptism as they are set forth in the Prayer Book. William Palmer's *Origines Liturgicæ* had not long been published, and Mr. Keble used this and himself translated from the older liturgies, thus teaching his ardent pupil the true nature of these Sacraments, warning her, she says, at the close of the preparation against 'much talk and discussion of Church doctrines,' and against 'loving these things for the sake merely of their beauty and poetry.' Perhaps if Mr. Keble's ways had been more followed, and doctrine and teaching of the need of holiness rather than ceremonial had been the chief points of attention by the leaders of the Catholic Movement, England might have been more truly Catholic and Christian than she is at present. Those days before Newman's secession were full of vigour and of hope, and the true meaning of the Church was grasped by many who had

no outward helps at all. But, of course, it had in no way reached the people, and perhaps the Movement needed something more before it could do so. In fact, the people, the vast heathen population of our large towns, will never be reached until Catholics and Evangelical unite, and cease to teach and to preach what is, in fact, only half the Gospel. The truths on which either school insists are all equally valuable, and it is, perhaps, the work of this generation to grasp this truth.

But no training could better have fitted Miss Yonge for the work she was called to do. And we have dwelt a little on her Confirmation teaching, because we see that out of it grew much of her later work of which we shall speak.

A little later on she was allowed to pay a visit to the Kebles, and we can imagine what the peaceful, cultured atmosphere of the Vicarage must have been to her. Mrs. Keble was a perfect wife, full of sympathy and understanding, very gentle, accomplished in the quiet, ladylike manner of those days, and gifted with everyday common sense and ability. She had very frail health, which seems to us to have been extraordinarily usual among the ladies of the early Victorian age.

It was undoubtedly very good for the eager, enthusiastic, and gifted girl to share in the pleasures and interests of Hursley. Her home was a very happy one, but the bustling and undoubtedly narrow-minded grandmother must every now and then have been a trial to her nerves and temper, and Hursley was just the place to send her back, not

spoilt or inclined to think herself 'misunderstood,' but braced.

It is one of Miss Yonge's characteristics that she never had undue sympathy with 'misunderstood' children—that is, children who could not 'get on' with decently behaved parents and guardians. She saw the difficulties of these children—as, for instance, her beloved Countess Kate, Elizabeth in the *Stokesley Secret*, Geraldine in *Pillars of the House;* but she always taught by inference that Christian people must use their circumstances, not misuse them, and that a child who tried to be loyal to authority and who struggled against temper gained more than it lost. And here some pages of her article in *Mothers in Council*—'A Real Childhood'—may be inserted:

'I should like to give a few pictures of real childhood. Perhaps if I begin with my own recollections, others may follow, and I will try to be perfectly truthful.

'Perhaps there were unusual circumstances to lead to the complete oneness between my mother and myself, for we lived with my grandmother, who for nearly twenty years took the household cares. Moreover, I was an only daughter, an only child for six years, and the object of much more attention and solicitude than I ever was allowed to know.

'It was an old-fashioned upbringing, with much that would shock sanitarians now—only one nursery, also the maids' workroom and the nurse's sleeping-room (in a press-bed). However, I was

generally outside the nursery, though it was a home, and all my meals were taken downstairs, except supper—milk and dry bread, "nice crustesses," as the maid used to say in a tone of congratulation. I have been glad ever since of having been thus taught to enjoy dry bread. The rule was that those who could not eat dry bread were not really hungry—a very good rule. Butter, as a rule, I never had. I remember my indignation when a naughty, good-natured housemaid, in misplaced pity, brought slices with the buttered side turned down to escape the nurse's eye. I don't know that the absence of such nutritious food is an example, but I am sure the prevention of dainty habits was an advantage. However, dining at luncheon-time, the fat trouble never was surmounted, and certain joints recall it to me still. But greediness was treated as despicable. We were rebuked for casting sidelong glances to see what pudding was coming, taught never to meddle with fruit not given to us, and that gathering strawberries was pleasure enough without eating them till the proper time. Sweets we never bought, and, if given, were administered one at a time at bedtime. The denial was never felt as a hardship, and it has certainly been of no small benefit in health and discipline.

'As to the maids sitting with the nurse, I am decidedly of opinion that it was unadvisable. One woman, though really very good-natured, used to put me in a passion for the pleasure of seeing me roll on the floor. The sure way was to incite the nurse to repeat that tragic poem of Jane Taylor's

on the melancholy adventures of Poor Puss, which tore my heart. I remember matters unsuitable to "little pitchers'" ears being discussed, and a cousin of mine heard *Pamela* being read aloud after she was in her crib.

'The above anecdote shows that I was not too good a child, though naughtiness was never tolerated for a moment. I think it was chiefly noisiness, disobedience, slovenly carelessness, and quick temper, with a certain provoking levity, since I have heard a story (though beyond recollection) of having been put in the corner, and there beginning to sing in a high squeak:

'"Begone, dull care!"

'The only flat falsehood of those early days was so seriously treated that it is a pain to me to remember it now. One other, some years later, hung on my conscience so heavily that I voluntarily, with many tears, confessed it, after what now seems a long time. Equivocating was shown to be equally heinous, the occasion of my being so taught being that my father detected me making a sort of accompaniment to the responses in church instead of following the words. His displeasure at my thus acting a falsehood was not to be forgotten. Perfect truth and honour seem to me to have been the strongest of all my early impressions.

'My father, a Peninsular and Waterloo soldier, was the hero of heroes to both my mother and me. His approbation was throughout life my bliss; his anger, my misery for the time, though my elastic,

frivolous spirits so soon recovered that I was thought not to care. No liberty was ever taken with either parent; the half-saucy, half-petting terms of children to their parents were never dreamt of. My father could be very stern, but also very gentle, and he took great pains with me. The stories he told me and those first books he read to me are still glorified. One needs no glory of association, with Joseph's history; but *Bel and the Dragon* will always be linked with the scene in the long journey which he beguiled with it. Then the *Pilgrim's Progress* he began when I had the measles, and *Aladdin's Lamp* and the *Perambulations of a Mouse* alway recall the delight of hearing them from him. Such kindnesses from an intensely respected father dwell with one for ever.

'He taught me to write, after an idea of his own, in large letters in chalk, done without resting the hand, thinking this would conduce to freedom of hand in drawing. He was not always patient at the time with childish carelessness, but he was most persevering, and most warmly fostered all real attempts to do one's best.

'Daily, before breakfast, he read the Bible with us, from Mant's edition. Nor can I remember a time when I did not say prayers, repeat the Catechism every Sunday, and go to church, being taken early that no one might be kept at home. There was teaching of the meaning of these things and of Scripture history, but the manuals of those days were not many nor very helpful. However, a great Dutch Scripture history, with an immense number of prints, impressed Scripture events; and from

seven years old my mother took me to the Sunday-school, first to learn, and then to teach, when, however, I was much too young to be put in authority. I was more a conscientious than a religious child. Except a vehement pleasure in the Sunday-school —which was not so much for religion's sake as for the love of teaching—I felt these observances a weariness, though I should have been ashamed to say so, and felt that it was my own fault.

'It was a strict Sunday — two services, two Sunday-schools, books always of a religious cast, (and not too many of them), hymns and Catechism in the evening; but I grew gradually up from the sense of lengthiness to actual enjoyment, at first through the Sunday-school. Lax Sundays would never have had the same effect.

'Intellectually the religious teaching interested me, but my parents were of the old reticent school, reverent and practical, so as to dread the drawing out of feeling and expression, for fear of unreality, and I do not know of much awakening in me to religious warmth, unless it may be impulses of thankfulness for a beautiful day, and an extreme terror of the Last Judgment. Fancying it would only come when nobody was awake, I remember trying to keep off sleep by pulling out the hairs in my mattress. This, however, was only like other terrors that haunted my bedtime, such as wolves in the dark hall, gunpowder plots, and the fate of the Princes in the Tower. These are, I believe, the lot of all imaginative children. My parents were my practical religion and conscience.

'My mother had read and imbibed the Edge-

worth books. She was perfectly regular in her teaching, and never gave holidays unless there was a needful occupation, but there were no lessons after one o'clock. She had the old London school education, and was very thorough, but she had the art of making her teaching pleasant with playful observations. At four years old I could read. The discovery that I was capable of reading to myself was too delightful to be forgotten. It was made over a quarto illustrated *Robinson Crusoe*, beside a print of him contending with the breakers. French in children's stories was easy to me at seven or eight years old; also the order of Kings of England, and their histories in Bishop Davys's little book; nor do I think there was the slightest damage to health or brains from what people now call over-forcing.

'It was a happy, healthy childhood, with much joy in play, running about boisterously in upper rooms and out of doors, delighting in dolls and in live creatures, and in all quiet games, having the best of playfellows in my mother, though her health would not permit her to walk out far with me. She was much afraid of my being vain. Once, on venturing to ask if I was pretty, I was answered that all young animals, young pigs and all, were pretty. It would probably have been wiser to tell me her true opinion, for the question of my beauty was a problem to me all my earlier life. My hair in those days was of a rich chestnut colour, in wavy curls; but it delighted her that I answered a lady who admired it (out of Miss Edgeworth), "You flatter me!"

'There was hardly any companionship with other children, except in an annual visit to a large family of cousins, whose company was perfect felicity, but who were brought up on the same lines, perhaps even more plainly and strictly. These recollections reach to about seven or eight years old.

'The special point experience would lead me to remember is that justice and strong displeasure at wrong-doing, severe criticism on carelessness, and no weak indulgence promoted the most fervent love and honour to my father, and that my mother's perfect loyalty to all his opinions and measures, and her unfailing tenderness, sympathy, and playfulness made a life of happy affection and lasting reverence.

'THE TEENS.

'Looking back, it seems to me that childhood proper ended with me at thirteen. In that year we made a visit to the cousins, which was especially delightful in games and expeditions and other charms, and for five years we did not go again *en famille* or for a long time, and I remember wondering how it would be when we had passed the stage of romping children and had become mannerly young people. I need hardly say that we were as happy as ever and as playful, for change and death had not yet begun to cast their shadows so as to be felt by our joyous young spirits. Even by the time I was thirteen I had begun some of the pursuits that have been a solace to me all my life —those of flowers and of shells.

'Rousseau's six letters on botany, translated by Martyn, and with excellent illustrations, were read with my mother, and introduced me to the wonders of a lily, a stock, and a daisy. A former generation had been botanical, and had subscribed for Curtis's *Flora Londinensis* and his *Botanical Magazine*. The hand-coloured plates are infinitely better than modern chromo-lithographs, though we may be very grateful for these. Though the continuations by Martyn and Priscilla Wakefield had not the touch of genius that made Rousseau charming, still, on the Linnæan system, I knew well all our wood and river flowers in a way that does not seem to occur to the girls who are supposed to learn scientifically botany in classes—of maidens, I mean, not plants. It is the fashion to laugh at what used to be called a *hortus siccus*, and certainly the poor plants do become melancholy mummies; but it really offers the only mode of being sure of one's discoveries, and, moreover, is a most innocent means of gratifying the instinct of collecting without sacrifice of animal life, and without needing much space or being liable to be discarded on removals. Botany gives spirit and object to our walks, and opens new fields of interest in every new place. It has been one of my greatest pleasures.

'So have shells. An old gentleman of ninety, noted as a naturalist in his day—Dr. Latham, author of a book on ornithology, exhaustive in its time—lent me Wood's *Catalogue of Shells*, coloured, and very expensive, and to obtain the same was one of those ambitions the accomplishment of

which verified that everything comes to one who waits. Conchology is not a pursuit quite so desirable as botany, for shells require space, and are inconvenient in changes of residence. Besides that, beyond the British species, the collecting them, except under special circumstances, is expensive; but, on the other hand, their beauty is imperishable. My taste was encouraged because it was a sort of inheritance from my father's favourite sister, and my shells were keepsakes, or old treasures from chimney-pieces, or purchases with my own pocket-money, or brought home by a naval relation, and all have a special value and history. My parents shared the pursuit with me, and fostered it by sympathy, but did not stifle it, as people often do, by overdoing encouragement. Many of my treasures still bear the labels my mother wrote for them half a century ago, before my handwriting was neat enough.

'Daily life went on much as when I was younger. There was early rising at six, or soon after, to work at arithmetic and Latin with my father, going on to Euclid. We got as far as the first six books, and then went back again. I had to draw the diagrams with the utmost neatness and precision, and then to write out the proposition from memory in a book without blot or erasure, which I still possess. My father was one of the most accurate of beings, I one of the most slovenly, and my entire life and doings have been a struggle between my conscience, trained to accuracy, and my inclination to slurring my work. How much worse I should have been without the drilling I

went through I cannot guess; but I was never disheartened, his approbation was so delightful, and such an object to look forward to.

'Breakfast, feeding of chickens, cats, and other animals, then studies—French or Italian exercises, Latin ones to prepare, geography, grammar of one or other of the languages, or else work with the French master, who by-and-by taught me Spanish. Then came historical reading in English or French, and drawing, My mother had been taught by a London master—and drew very well in the old style—exact and minute copying of line engravings, and also of water-coloured drawings of figures, and this she taught so that I could draw about as well as she, perhaps less neatly, but more boldly. There were no schools of art, no good masters within reach, or I think I had talent in that line enough to have gone farther. My father had a real love and appreciation of art, delighted in fine pictures, and accumulated exquisite books of prints and engravings. These were my extreme delight as far back as I can remember, and a visit to a gallery or print-shop with him was a memorable pleasure. He took great interest in my drawings, but criticized every defective outline and quizzed failures. I once set to work to copy the likenesses of all the "true knights" to be collected, some of whom remain to this day in portfolios. Montrose, elaborately copied in pencil from Lodge's portraits, but too roughly shaded, was received with, "What! has he been scraped with a small-toothed comb?" Laughter took out the sting, and there was always

hope of approval. My mother and I went through many a tough volume while one read and the other drew or worked.

'The actual studies ended with luncheon, and then came the time spent out of doors. My mother could not take long walks, and to go far beyond the garden with my father, or even with a maid, was always something of a treat; but there were endless occupations out of doors, except on the damp days, when three times round the gravel walk which bounded what grandmamma called the premises was reckoned as equivalent to a mile, and made my required exercise, enlivened by many a fancy. There was not cottage-visiting, save within my mother's short tether, or when sent under escort on a definite message. I was a great chatterbox, and my parents had seen evil consequences from carelessness about young people's intercourse, so that all gossip and familiarity with servants, as a rule, and poor people, was decidedly checked. I have often wondered how far this was for the best.

'The elder villagers were much less cultivated than in these days, and would probably have been unconsciously much more coarse, and my tongue would certainly have run away with me, and have been mischievous in every way; yet, on the other hand, the shyness of other classes that was engendered has never left me; and though I have been working for my village neighbours all my life, I have never been able to converse with them with any freedom, nor so as to establish mutual confidence, even where there is certainly mutual

esteem and affection, and this has become a serious drawback to helpfulness, though old use and loyalty diminishes the evil effect among the native inhabitants.

'After the daily constitutional, there were divers delights and pursuits besides the pleasure of reading the twenty pages of history (Goldsmith's *Rome*), and then one chapter of Scott, and no limitation to the varieties of chosen story-books or the books of travels. Franklin's *Voyages*, and an abridgment of Waterton, with a charming picture of his ride on the crocodile, stand out in memory among those. I was also free for Bowdler's *Shakespeare* and Potter's translations of the Greek tragedies.

'I was early promoted to what was then considered as late dinner, at half-past five or six, with a long evening afterwards, spent in reading aloud, needlework, sometimes in games, chess, backgammon, or even "twenty questions," which, be it observed, is a very useful diversion when rationally conducted, so that it is not held fair to guess too soon or without real grounds. It is the way to learn common things, such as what glass is made of, and the like, for it causes the reflecting on what things are "animal substances," "vegetable substances," or "mineral substances," "compound or simple," and a person who was used to the exercise would never maintain that salt fish came ready salted out of the sea.

'Sometimes my Latin construing had to be relegated to the evening, but not as a rule, for it made my grandmother unhappy. I think that

here a story of those days must be pardoned, as illustrating both faults and conscientiousness.

'Tea used to come in at eight o'clock, and at the critical moment of an interesting employment grandmamma bade me go and call my father. I rose unwillingly, giving what my mother called my black look and used to say was like Cain. She reproved me sharply, for she had a horror of any disrespect to her mother. Immediately after, on going into the dining-room, my father presented me with two beautifully bound volumes of Mrs. Jameson's *Female Characters of Shakespeare* as a reward for diligence and good conduct.

'I burst into tears, and sobbed out that I did not deserve the book, as I had just been very naughty to grandmamma.

'He said it should wait for another time, and so it did, till I was recovering from a feverish attack in the winter, and was said to have shown much patience and good humour.

'My faults were, so far as can be remembered, a strange mixture of indolent carelessness with vehement eagerness, and the temper which was evoked by rebukes, either for omissions and imperfect work and untidiness, or else for boisterousness and noisiness, and losing all self-control in excitement.

'A boy cousin declared that I reminded him of the description in *Quentin Durward* of Charles the Bold, whose laugh was a diabolical grimace. When we met again long after I had learned to laugh without making horrid faces, he apologized for what, probably, had been a useful, if rather strong,

hint. Such observations, if amusing, never hurt my temper. It was not of that kind. But reproof for idleness did make me very cross for a time, and there were also moods, connected, perhaps, with health, when nothing seemed to go right or be enjoyable. Nor does it seem to me that I was vain. I never knew whether I was good-looking, though I tried to find out, and, having little or no rosy colour, I did not admire myself. As to cleverness, I seriously wondered at one time whether I was an idiot, knowing that no one would tell me if I was so, and when one evening, something of this wonderful notion having betrayed itself, my mother told me that, on the contrary, if I took pains, I might be a superior person, she said afterwards that elation and excitement made me disagreeable from high spirits all the rest of the evening, when someone was dining with us.'

CHAPTER II

THE EARLY BOOKS

(1843—1850)

ANOTHER influence came into Charlotte's life about 1843—that of Marianne Dyson, the sister of the Vicar of Dogmersfield. Mr. Keble used to call Mrs. and Miss Dyson the Vicar of Dogmersfield's two wives. Mr. Dyson was himself a remarkable man, full of cultivated tastes and great knowledge. He ought, Sir John Coleridge says in his *Life of Keble*, to have been an ecclesiastical historian. He was a very great and intimate friend of Mr. Keble. When he died, Miss Keble said to Miss Yonge that she had been thinking how little change he would need 'where he is gone.' And it was he who persuaded Keble to publish the *Christian Year*. Miss Dyson was a woman of considerable ability and enthusiasm, and became a great friend of Charlotte and of Mrs. Yonge. For it would seem that there was full sympathy between mother and daughter, and not a little joyous and harmless pride by the mother in her gifted child.

From 1840 to 1850, Miss Yonge tells us in her recollection of Mr. Keble,* the brightness and joyousness

* *Gleanings from Thirty Years' Intercourse with the Rev. John Keble.*

of the 'forward movement' had a good deal died down. Those years were in many ways most sad and trying. The great loss of 1845, and the suspicion and unkindness with which 'Puseyites,' as they began to be called, were treated, the growth of unbelief, the changes at Oxford—all these made the years sad. These times come to every generation which starts full of hope in some 'high emprise.' Those who work in the mission-field know it; those who give themselves to any new movement of Church life at home find it out—this sense of defeat and disappointment. We all in our turn have to learn the lesson Mr. Keble taught us in his poem for the 11th Sunday after Trinity, 'Is this a time to plant and build?'

'Of the defeated party,' Dean Church writes—he is speaking of the time after Mr. Ward's book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, had been condemned—'those who remained had much to think about, between grief at the breaking of old ties, and the loss of dear friends, and perplexities about their own position. The anxiety, the sorrow at differing and parting, seem now almost extravagant and unintelligible. There are those who sneer at the "distress" of that time. There had not been the same suffering, the same estrangement, when Churchmen turned Dissenters, like Bulteel and Baptist Noel. But the movement had raised the whole scale of feeling about religious matters so high, the questions were felt to be so momentous, the stake and the issue so precious, the "loss and gain" so immense, that to differ on

such subjects was the differing on the greatest things which men could differ about. But in a time of distress, of which few analogous situations in our days can give the measure, the leaders stood firm. Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Mr. Marriott accepted, with unshaken faith in the cause of the English Church, the terrible separation. They submitted to the blow—submitted to the reproach of having been associates of those who had betrayed hopes and done so much mischief; submitted to the charge of inconsistency, insincerity, cowardice; but they did not flinch. Their unshrinking attitude was a new point of departure for those who believed in the Catholic foundation of the English Church.

'Among those deeply affected by these changes, there were many who had been absolutely uninfluenced by the strong Roman current. They had recognized many good things in the Roman Church; they were fully alive to many shortcomings in the English Church; but the possibility of submission to the Roman claims had never been a question with them.'

Echoes of the storm of course reached Otterbourne, and Miss Yonge tells us herself how she remembered a long walk by the river with Mr. Keble, in which he went into the question of Rome with her, and ended the talk with—

'No doubt we could ask Roman Catholics many questions they could not answer, and they could ask us many which we could not answer; we can

Photo by W. T. Green.

HURSLEY VICARAGE: THE FAVOURITE CORNER OF JOHN KEBLE.

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only each go on in our own way, holding to the truth that we know we have.'*

Mr. Keble was a loyal son of the Church of England; he felt that to leave her was absolutely wrong; but he grew to see how much she had lost, and how impossible it was to say that either Rome or England was wholly right or wholly wrong.

Charlotte was certainly *established* by him. She never seems to have felt any doubt after those first questionings, and one of her latest books is *Why am I a Catholic, and not a Roman Catholic?* Yet she was never blind to what was true. Many years after she wrote to a friend (Miss Cazenove), who had said some things in a letter as to the claims of the Church:

'*April*, 1865.

'My dear Annie,

'If only you would not snap your fingers at Rome! I don't want to give her more than her due, but I do love and honour S. Gregory the Great too much to like what we owe to him and his noble spirit to be so treated.

'You know it is a fact that, though there were British clergy about, they did not choose to try to convert the Saxons, because they wished them to come to a bad end altogether, which was not exactly Christian.

'Bertha [Queen] had a Gallic chaplain, but I don't think he did much. The impulse was given by S. Gregory and Augustine. I know there is a

* *Recollections of the Rev. John Keble.*

great controversy about S. Patrick, and nobody seems to know certainly whether he came from Gaul or the Lothians before he was stolen,* or whether he was commissioned at Rome or not. People settle it just the way their inclinations lead them. I don't myself think he went to Pope Celestine, but there is no certainty.'

In the midst of these sadnesses Charlotte's rapidly developing powers must have been great joy to Mr. Keble. She had begun to scribble tales incessantly, and there seems to have been a good deal of opposition to the idea of her publishing. Her grandmother, especially, seems to have felt a horror at the idea of Charlotte's coming in any way before the public, which even for the early Victorian age was exaggerated.

The Kebles were consulted, and the first story, *Abbey Church*, was taken to Hursley for criticism. For many years, Miss Yonge says, everything she wrote was read by Mr. Keble in manuscript. He was a most delightful critic and an absolutely faultless reader of proofs. And there is no doubt that there is around all Miss Yonge's early books an atmosphere of refinement, an aroma of—shall we say Hursley? which does seem lacking in some, at least, of the later ones.

Abbey Church was the first published tale, and, crude as it may seem to modern critics, it is, in the present writer's opinion, very charming and particularly 'Miss Yonge-ish.'

* We must remember that this was written some forty years before Professor Bury's *Life of S. Patrick*.

The story is of the slightest: a party of cousins gathered at the Vicarage of a county town on the occasion of the consecration of a church, and the scrape some of them fall into by attending a lecture at a recently founded Mechanics' Institute.

But the cousins—two of them, at least—are so delightful, especially Elizabeth, who is just a little like her creator in her enthusiasm and youthful intolerance and cleverness. And it is all so funny—the horror of the good people at the Mechanics' Institute, and the description of the ignorant youth who gives a lecture for the purpose of exposing chivalry. How we have veered round now! How much Ruskin, William Morris, Burne-Jones, and many another, have done even for the British Philistine, to make him realize that 'on a renoncé à faire dater de Luther le reveil de la raison'!*

Elizabeth, the clever daughter, and her cousin Anne's talk must have been a transcript of the sort of thing which went on among the Yonge cousinhood.

'"What did you do all that time?' said Elizabeth. 'Have you read *Hereward*, and do you not delight in him?"

'"Yes," said Anne; "and I want to know if he is not the father of Cedric of Rotherwood."

'"He must have been his grandfather," said Elizabeth. "Cedric lived a hundred years after."

'"But Cedric remembered Torquilstone before the Normans came," said Anne.

'"No, no, he could not, though he had been told

* Ozanam.

what it had been before Front de Bœuf altered it," said Elizabeth.

'"And old Ulrica was there when Front de Bœuf's father took it," said Anne.

'"I cannot tell how long a hag may live," said Elizabeth, "but she could not have been less than a hundred and thirty years old in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion."

'"Cœur de Lion came to the throne in 1189," said Anne. . . . "But then, you know, Ulrica calls Cedric the son of the great Hereward."

'"Her wits were a little out of order," said Elizabeth. "Either she meant his grandson, or Sir Walter Scott made as great an anachronism as when he made that same Ulrica compare Rebecca's skin to paper."

'"If she had said parchment, it would not have been such a compliment. . . ."

'"I believe such stories as *Ivanhoe* were what taught me to like history. . . . They used to be the only history I knew, and almost the only geography. Do not you remember Aunt Anne's laughing at me for arguing that Bohemia was on the Baltic, because Perdita was left on its coast? And now I believe that Cœur de Lion feasted with Robin Hood and his merry men, although history tells me that he disliked and despised the English. . . . I believe that Queen Margaret of Anjou haunted the scenes of grandeur that once were hers, and that she lived to see the fall of Charles of Burgundy, and died when her last hope failed her, though I know that it was not so."

'"Then I do not quite see how such stories have taught you to like history," said Anne.

'"They teach us to realize and understand the people whom we find in history," said Elizabeth.

'"Oh yes," said Anne. "Who would care for Louis the Eleventh if it was not for Quentin Durward? And Shakespeare makes us feel as if we had been at the battle of Shrewsbury."

'"Yes," said Elizabeth, "and they have done even more for history. They have taught us to imagine other heroes whom they have not mentioned. Cannot you see the Black Prince — his slight, graceful figure; his fair, delicate face full of gentleness and kindness, fierce warrior as he is; his black steel helmet and tippet . . .; his clustering white plume; his surcoat with England's leopards and France's lilies? Cannot you imagine his courteous conference with Bertrand du Guesclin . . . and the noble, affectionate Captal de Bach, who died of grief for him? . . ."

'"Give Froissart some of the credit of your picture," said Anne.

'"Froissart is in some places like Sir Walter himself," said Elizabeth; "but now I will tell you of a person who lived in no days of romance, and has not had the advantage of a practical historian to light him up in our imagination. I mean the great Prince of Condé. Now, though he is very unlike Shakespeare's Coriolanus, yet there is enough resemblance between them to make the comparison very amusing. There was much of Coriolanus' indomitable pride and horror of mob popularity [in Condé]. . . . Not that the hard-

hearted Condé would have listened to his wife and mother . . . or that his arrogance did not degenerate into wonderful meanness at last, such as Coriolanus would have scorned; but the parallel was as amusing. . . . I hate abridgments—the mere bare bones of history; I cannot bear dry facts, such as that Charles the Fifth beat Francis the First at Pavia, in a war for the Duchy of Milan, and nothing more told about them. I am always ready to say, as the Grand Seignior did about some great battle among the Christians, that I do not care whether the dog bites the hog, or the hog bites the dog."

'"What a kind interest in your fellow-creatures you display!" said Anne. "I think one reason why I like history is because I am searching out all the characters who come up to my notion of perfect chivalry, or, rather, of Christian perfection. I am making a book of true knights." '*

Perhaps all this sounds very bookish and pedantic, but how delicious it is! and, after all, some literary enthusiasm is almost more desirable than perpetual talk about games.

Elizabeth has something about her which makes one love this first of the long line of Miss Yonge's heroines very much, and we are sure she died young, and perhaps rather suddenly.

About this time the Mozleys were bringing out the *Magazine for the Young*, a delightful little twopenny production, and in it Miss Yonge wrote some of her most delicious little tales. 'Langley School'

* Miss Yonge really did this, as we have seen in the little bit of autobiography.

is the first of those village tales, of which, perhaps, 'Ben Sylvester's Word' is the gem.

All these tales are really valuable. They are accurate studies of a state of things fast passing away. The children are as cleverly sketched and are as *living* as are the best-known characters in the longer book. 'Langley School,' 'Friarswood Post Office,' 'Ben Sylvester's Word,' 'Leonard the Lion-Heart,' are all perfect little tales, and should not be forgotten. And in her later village chronicles the children, who appear as grown-up people, are themselves—we recognize our old friends. We will quote an admirable notice by Miss Christabel Coleridge:

> 'These tales of village life during the latter half of the nineteenth century have hardly ever been widely known, and are now, we fear, almost forgotten by the present generation. The earlier ones describe a world now passed away, but the later ones are still fairly up to date. They all depict village life under favourable, but not ideal, circumstances, and not through the rose-coloured spectacles which Miss Mitford put on when she wrote her delightful *Our Village*. They are, in fact, the successors of Mrs. Hannah More's *Black Giles* and *Hester Wilmot*, and they show what the Church has done to mend the evils to which those clever tracts first called attention. Some day the "Langley Tales" will be reprinted as classics, and the little girls of Langley School will appear in their pink frocks, white tippets, and cottage bonnets trimmed with green, dainty and picturesque in "Early Victorian" style. In 1950 or

so they will be valuable evidence of what the Church of England did for education and civilization when she still had the village schools in her hand. Great as was the influence of *The Daisy Chain* and *The Heir of Redclyffe* on the girls of their day, I doubt if either did more to stir up the generation who "did parish work" on High Church lines during the latter half of the last century than *Langley School.*

'Langley was a small but prosperous village in a southern county. It was not exactly Otterbourne under another name, though some of its characteristics were naturally derived from it, but it was a less considerable place, the only landowner being, apparently, "Squire Manners," and only one, or at most two, farmers being mentioned. Nor were the little Langley girls portraits of Otterbourne school-children. They were created after their kind with unerring truth to life, and an individuality which survived through two or three generations. The original "Langley School" began as a series of sketches in the *Magazine for the Young* in 1847. These consolidated into a story; the school was the connecting link. Miss Edith and Miss Dora Manners taught the children and loved them with the whole enthusiasm of the new "Oxford Movement" in their hearts, though they never talked about their duty towards their neighbour —they only did it. The story ends with the marriage of Miss Edith, and with the presentation to her by the children of a patchwork quilt of their own making. The "young ladies" are on a considerable elevation, and are never exactly intimate

Photo by A. Bassano.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

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with the children; but the whole subsequent relation of Sunday-school teacher and scholar, of G.F.S. associate and member, was there in germ, and whether or no the book made "young ladies" interesting to school-children, it made school-children enchanting to young ladies. There is no Government inspector, but good, sound, and quite intelligent teaching had begun, and the Sunday lessons here and there given are models not excelled by the newest "catechism" in our day. The life described is simple, wholesome, and secure. The virtues inculcated are family affection and duty, absolute truth in word and deed, modesty, and great self-control of manners and conduct. The Langley children learnt "how to behave." Most of them were children of labourers and servants on the estate, and some of small free-holders, and there seems to have been no poverty to speak of.

'The characters of this simple story—all very simple, too—are as distinct as their prototypes in the flesh. None of us who were young in the fifties and sixties will ever forget good Amy Lee; Kate Grey, who was cleverer, but not quite so good; Elizabeth Kingsley, who was very superior; Clemmy Fielding, who was far from being as good as she ought to be; Emily Morris, who told stories; and Jane Anstey, who drank her little sister's milk. We remember them as we remember the Kates and Amys of real life, whom we ourselves tried to bring up to the same standard. They were our models, whether our scholars endeavoured to imitate them or not. They certainly lived in a

"dawn-golden" time, and in an "atmosphere" not only of cheerful sunshine and fresh country air, but of secure, uncontroversial respect for religion and virtue, undisturbed by Acts of Parliament; that "atmosphere" which few writers on educational subjects have ever breathed, and which they often misrepresent. The gradual growth of the religious motive, the slow improvement in conduct, is true to life, and is what earnest, careful workers may look to produce. There is one jarring note to our ears. However glad we of this day may be to escape from the naughty little Publicans of juvenile fiction who give thanks that they are not good little Pharisees, we could hardly be content to leave the naughty girl who stole the patchwork, expelled from Sunday and week-day school, and apparently outcast for ever. It is good that she is not the centre of interest, but we should be sorry to leave her without hope.

'Langley was as real a place as Barchester, and after many years, in the early eighties, Miss Yonge returned to its inhabitants. The later "Langley Stories" describe the descendants of our old friends, and depict the village school and commonwealth as it existed, at any rate, up to the Education Act of 1902. The school is inspected, the teachers are certificated, and all modern advantages of education, dress, and habits are freely welcomed and enjoyed. The tales take in older characters, and a much wider air blows through them, but they are quite as accurate and life-like. The village school of the eighties and nineties is quite as vividly shown in *The Third Standard* and

in *Left Out* as that of the forties in the original *Langley School.* Miss Dora lives unmarried in Langley, and is the parish "lady of all work." There is, however, more pathos and more humour in the later stories, and much more tenderness towards childish faults. "Frank's Debt" in *Langley Lads and Lasses*, a tale of a big farm boy, who gradually grows a conscience and repays his good aunt the money she lent him, is as good a piece of character-drawing as can be found in tales of working-class life. Of the two last Langley stories, *Sewing and Sowing*, though longer and more complete, is not quite so successful. The Hollises, the daughters of the unsatisfactory Clementina, who, though improved, is still herself, are very clever sketches. But Amy Lee the second, who allows the smart groom to flirt with her, is a little fine-spun. A pretty village maid had better grow up to endure a few compliments with equanimity, and would certainly have heard of her beauty before she left school. The last of all, *Pickle and his Page-boy*, is quite charming. Pickle is quite as real a Skye terrier as his page is a real boy, and their adventures are at once delightful, funny, and edifying, and if brought out in modern style, with good illustrations, would make an excellent prize-book.

'I do not think that the literary merit of these simple tales has ever been fully recognized—the skill with which local colouring is conveyed without long and elaborate descriptions, the excellent construction of the simple plots which always hang together, and, chiefly, the clear-cut characters

described in them. The sound-hearted, sensible, but slow peasant, old and young, who wears a smock-frock in the earlier stories, and a good coat in the latter ones, as he acquires a little more education and knowledge of the world; the religious and refined village matron or elderly servant, the best outcome of the village school; the clever youth or bright girl who rises in life, and the stupid, idle ones who fall in it—all these are given "in their habit as they lived." The grades of village society, the relations of farmers and shopkeepers, labourers and head servants, are all given simply as facts, and ungrudgingly recognized.'

Tales of another kind were engrossing her. *Scenes and Characters; or, Eighteen Months at Beechcroft*, we think, must have been always a favourite of its author, for the fortunes of the Mohun family, who lived at Beechcroft, were always in her mind, and we meet Mohuns again and again in later years.

Scenes and Characters, however, does not seem to us quite so vivid and bright as the two stories which came out in the *Churchman's Companion—Henrietta's Wish* and *The Two Guardians*.

The first of these is an admirable illustration of the extraordinary change which has come over our attitude as to the relative duties of parents and children.

Henrietta and her brother Fred are the children of a Mr. Frederick Langton, who was killed by a fall from his horse when he was on a visit to his father's place in the country. His wife, who is represented as a charming and saintly person, takes up her abode

at a seaside place, and brings up her two children there. 'Henrietta's wish,' a perfectly natural, not to say laudable one, is to visit her grandparents and her father's home, and spend Christmas with the numerous cousins who are gathered there. And at last, when she and her brother are fifteen and fourteen, this wish is granted. They all pay a visit to the old home. But the most dire consequences arise.

Fred, who, greatly to his credit, is not an absolute muff, is fretted by continual restraint. He must not drive, must not skate with his cousins until his Uncle Geoffrey has vouched for the safety of the ice. At last he does drive with an impetuous and charming cousin, Beatrice, Uncle Geoffrey's daughter; the horse bolts, he is pitched on his head, and a bad illness ensues. From the overfatigue arising from his illness his mother dies. Fred was certainly wilful and disobedient, but that poor Henrietta should also be blamed for her 'wish' does seem unjust.

Of course, nowadays the modern mother would be braced, and made to feel that to indulge her nerves was positively wrong, and that her children were rather to be pitied than blamed if they found her nerves tiresome. For the rest, the story is delicious. The different cousins, the delightful Uncle Geoffrey (said to be a picture of Mr. Yonge), the kind old grandfather, the fussy grandmother who thinks private theatricals shocking, the description of the village church and the newfangled Christmas decorations, are all vivid, and recall those early days when as yet no one thought that midday Communion was undesirable, or that it might be possible for the unconfirmed to be present at the Eucharist.

The Two Guardians has some charming descriptions of Devonshire and some life-like schoolboys. (Miss Yonge's boys are very real.) The heroine is a very fine character, and the book is a real advance. We have in this book the first expression of the author's attitude towards what was then known as 'rationalism' or 'Germanism,' what we call 'higher criticism.' And, by the way, those first attacks of criticism which became known to Churchmen and to English Christians were not made known to them by reasonable scholarly Christians. There was then no Westcott, no George Adam Smith, or any of those numerous scholars who have done so much to reassure us. People might be excused for panic when criticism came, not as the endeavour of true and courageous Christians to ascertain what was truth, but as an attack on Christian faith. We smile, perhaps, at the fears of those who came before us, but they were not unjustified. 'The Liberals are deficient in religion, and the religious are deficient in liberality,' said Archbishop Tait.*

Miss Dyson had set up a school for girls of the lower middle class, and for these Charlotte wrote *The Chosen People* and *Kings of England.*

* See an admirable sermon by the Bishop of Gloucester on the 'Criticism of the Old Testament,' in his book *The Old Testament and its Messages.*

CHAPTER III

THE 'MONTHLY PACKET'

(1851)

In 1851 a new venture appeared, and with it so much of Miss Yonge's work is identified that we must dwell on it.

This was the beginning of the *Monthly Packet.* Miss Coleridge tells us that the tone of the *Churchman's Companion* had become rather controversial, and it was felt that something deeper and less acrimonious might be useful.

The preface to the first number is so beautiful, and the words as to the Church so extraordinarily applicable to this very time, that we venture to reprint it:

> 'If the pretty old terms "maidens" and "damsels" had not gone out of fashion, I should address this letter by that name to the readers for whom this little book is in the first place intended—young girls, or maidens, or young ladies, whichever you like to be called, who are above the age of childhood, and who are either looking back on school-days with regret, or else pursuing the most important part of education, namely, self-education.

'It has been said that everyone forms their own character between the ages of fifteen and five-and-twenty, and this magazine is meant to be in some degree a help to those who are thus forming it; not as a guide, since that is the part of deeper and graver books, but as a companion in times of recreation, which may help you to perceive how to bring your religious principles to bear upon your daily life, may show you the examples, both good and evil, of historical persons, and may tell you of the workings of God's providence both here and in other lands.

'With this view, it is proposed to give you a series of scenes from history, dwelling on the more interesting periods and characters. Suppose we call them Cameos, as they are to present scenes and heroes in relief, and may be strung together with the chain of your former lessons in history. A few tales which, though of course imaginary, may serve to show you the manners and ways of thinking of past times, will be introduced from time to time, with stories of our own days, accounts of foreign lands, biographies, translations, and extracts from books which are not likely to come in your way, or of which the whole may not be desirable reading for you, so as, it is hoped, to conduce to your amusement, and, at the same time, to the instruction of such as are anxious "to get wisdom and understanding." Above all, it is the especial desire and prayer of those who address you through the pages of this magazine, that what you find there may tend to make you more steadfast and dutiful daughters of our own beloved

Catholic Church of England, and may go alongside in all respects with the teaching, both doctrinal and practical, of the Prayer Book. For we live in a time of more than ordinary trial, and our middle path seems to have grown narrower than ever. The walls of the glorious Temple in which we have been builded up seem to shake, though that is but seeming, since they are based on a Rock, and the foundations are the Apostles and Prophets, and not one of the smallest of the living stones need fall from its own station, even though larger, more important, and seemingly more precious ones may totter and rend themselves away. Small stones as we may be, yet we can, we may, we *must* keep our places in the fitly framed building, where it may indeed be vouchsafed to some even of us to be "as polished corners of the Temple." This is speaking more seriously than I meant at first to have done; but who can speak of the Church in these days and not be grave, even though we know that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her?

'Though this letter has been chiefly addressed to young girls, it is not intended that the pages of this magazine should be exclusively for them. It is purposed to make it such as may be pleasant reading for boys of the same age, especially school-teachers; and it is hoped that it may be found useful to younger readers, either of the drawing-room, the servants' hall, or the lending library.'

The *Packet* began in a very quiet way, a humble little magazine, in 1851. The thirty little black

volumes of those early years (1851 to 1865) are before the writer, and it may be a prejudice, but they do seem much less old-fashioned and behind the times than most of the other magazine literature of those years.

There are not a few men and women who were young people in the flourishing days of the *Packet*, the seventies and eighties, who could, if they would, say that Miss Yonge's hopes had been realized.

At first Miss Yonge was the chief contributor. She starts off with 'Cameos from English History,' and those 'Cameos' went on for forty-seven years—an extraordinary feat. They are, of course, not all equally good, but they give a wonderful amount of information, of picturesque detail, of anecdote. They have that photographic style, so to speak, in which Miss Yonge excelled. It is quite possible to find abundant fault. Miss Yonge's style was by no means irreproachable, and the very familiar terms on which she lived with the personages of the Middle Ages seems at times to make her forget the depths of her readers' ignorance; but a more charming set of books to which to refer and with which to lighten up the schoolroom reading of standard histories does not exist. We are anticipating, but who gives a more picturesque account of the Conqueror, of Henry V., of James I. of Scotland, and of various episodes in which English and Continental history were interwoven? That is one of the peculiar merits of Miss Yonge's 'Cameos.' The insular view of English history leads to most extraordinary ignorance at times, and it would be interesting to know how many ordinary people have any

idea of what is meant by the 'Duchy of Burgundy,' the 'Holy Roman Empire,' the 'Babylonish Captivity,' 'Canossa,' and so on.

Then in October she began the 'Conversations on the Catechism.'

Also Miss Yonge began to write the long series of stories so often connected with each other, so that there are links between the *Castle-Builders*, one of the earliest, and the very latest of her tales.

And it was in those early days that she wrote that gem of historical stories, *The Little Duke*, which is still as fresh and delightful and as much appreciated by the right-minded youthful reader as it doubtless was in those early days.

It was followed by *The Lances of Lynwood* and *The Prince and the Page*, which are delightful, but not equal to the *Little Duke*, which was never surpassed by Miss Yonge.

The Daisy Chain, *The Trial*, *The Young Stepmother*, made their appearance also in these little black volumes. And there were other writers also who did much good work. There was an excellent story which one can still read with pleasure, *On the Banks of the Thorne*. The author wrote one or two other pleasant little stories in the *Churchman's Companion*, and showed a considerable power of drawing character and of understanding of boys. A slightly tyrannical father is usually to be found in her *dramatis personæ*—one of the tokens, by the way, of the change in our outlook. Fathers, whether for better or worse, for the most part are not tyrannical nowadays.

The *Packet* was always full of edifying information

from its earliest days, and these little volumes contained many excellent papers, and about them there is just that touch of refinement, that note of unworldliness, that loftiness of ideal, that severity with self, which are noticeable in all the early leaders—men and women alike—of those first days of Church revival.

Bracing oneself to endure is the key-note of even the young. Perhaps the fruit of such teaching is to be found in many a Community of devoted Sisters, in many a holy and obscure life of unwearied good works.

And of course there were papers about Church work, and now and then a description of some ceremony in the Greek Church, recalling to us now the interest in, and the hopes for, the Greek Communion felt by some of the leaders.

As time went on, writers now well known to us all made their appearance in the *Packet*, among them Mrs. Alfred Scott-Gatty, the distinguished mother of an even more distinguished daughter. Mrs. Gatty did for children something of the work that Miss Yonge did for their elders, and certainly no child's magazine has ever taken the place of *Aunt Judy*.

In 1866 the *Packet* appeared in an enlarged shape, and the bound volumes are much larger than the first set. *The Six Cushions* came out in this series. Miss Yonge had a great knack of describing national characteristics; the high-bred, rather stiff, and altogether delightful Scotch family are true portraits. Dante readings began in 1869, and Miss Yonge's beautiful *Musings on the 'Christian Year' and 'Lyra Innocentium.'*

HURSLEY CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

WITH C. M. YONGE, JOHN KEBLE, MRS. KEBLE, AND DR. MOBERLY (AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF SALISBURY) IN FOREGROUND.

From a photograph by permission of Mr. Walter Sharland, S. Leonard's, Winchester.

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Miss Yonge began the *Caged Lion* in 1868.

It was just about then that a paper appeared in the *Packet* which seemed clever and funny, and not likely to have its prophecies realized. Yet something of what it foretold has come to pass.

A very behind-the-age Rector (this was in 1867) goes to visit a college friend, and finds a church restored according to all the fervour of those early days, and he dreams at night that a descendant of his present host comes in and announces that the church is now restored and the whitewash is back, the organ done away with, the singing men in the gallery.

It sounded very ridiculous in 1867, but nowadays, when plainsong comes to the front, the organ is a good deal repressed, galleries for singers and instruments are not unknown, and the stained glass of the sixties makes us shudder.

Descriptions of Church work are more frequent, and mentions of Religious Communities occur.

Some excellent papers on English hymnology began in 1867; they are still interesting and full of sound criticism.

Miss Yonge, it may be noticed, was always abreast of modern movements. She never joined in the cry against women's colleges, and she had not much of that obscurantist spirit which has done so much harm to the cause of religion—at least, so far as education was concerned. Even in those very early days there appeared a paper on examinations for girls, and another on the advantages of trained nurses for the poor. These things are the common possession of all now; they were battlefields forty years ago.

Miss Yonge, also, was anything but exclusively literary in her tastes; she loved botany, natural history, science (when it did not touch on ultimate problems), and, as time went on, some excellent papers on various branches of science found their way into the *Packet*—some, if we mistake not, from the pen of the present Canon Wilson of Worcester.

For more directly religious teaching there was Miss Yonge's *Womankind*, which may be a little old-fashioned, but which will repay reading, and in some ways is quite unique. Dr. Littledale contributed a series of papers on Sisterhoods, which have never been republished, and which are full of common sense and information. It is much to be wished that heads of Communities would read and ponder his words about health and the sin of bad cooking in chapter vii.

Various sketches of the work done by nurses in the Franco-German War appeared in these years, and are extremely graphic and interesting.

And there is a description of the cholera at Plymouth in 1849 in the May number of 1871, which will bear reading at this distant date. Mr. Prynne's name is engraved on his people's hearts, and this story of his and of the little band of Sisters' heroism should never be forgotten.*

Magnum Bonum, another family chronicle, appeared in 1877, 1878, 1879.

Miss Yonge added two more family chronicles—*Two Sides of a Shield* and *Beechcroft at Rockstone*.

Two more of Miss Yonge's historical stories came out between 1880 and 1890. *Two Penniless*

* It now appears in Mr. Prynne's *Life*.

Princesses leads us into the byways of history, and so does *A Modern Quest of Ulysses.*

This was the old *Monthly Packet* from 1851 to 1890. Perhaps to modern eyes it looks a little dull; perhaps Miss Yonge had ceased to interest a modern generation. With all its faults, it breathed a fragrance of bygone days. It was always loyal and high-toned, and seemed to have taken for its motto, 'Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

It did not profess to be written for any but members of the Anglican Branch of the Church; it did not aim at anything specially exciting. It had no aids in the shape of illustrations. But whatever its limits, or its shortcomings, the old *Packet* will always be loved by those who, month by month, welcomed it and made through it many dear and never-to-be-forgotten friends.

Miss Coleridge and Mr. Innes took over the editorship in 1890, and, if there was a change in the tone, it was not very perceptible; perhaps it was not quite so strongly Catholic in tone, perhaps there was not much of the devotional element: one could hardly say. It seemed all right, and we hoped the old *Packet* would prosper in its bright blue dress and its modern ways—when, lo! with no warning, it ceased to be.

It was a loss, and has never been replaced.

The office of editor gave Miss Yonge plenty of work even in early days. She writes to Miss Barnett:

'*November* (? 1850).

'. . . You really must beg, borrow or steal something to help me. After this winter I shall get on better, but there are *The Two Guardians* and the *Landmarks of History* to finish before I can feel really at ease in giving my mind to this affair. I am rather afraid of spoiling the *Landmarks* by getting into a hurry. If you can send me something, I think we could meet the first of January, but I am sure I cannot single-handed. . . . I wish it had found a name; if there was any word to express "for Confirmation girls" it would be the thing. . . .'

We have said *The Little Duke* was begun in Vol. I. of the *Monthly Packet*. In that same volume began the *Castle-Builders*. This is, in our judgment, one of the very best bits of work Miss Yonge ever produced. The late Professor Palgrave, who certainly was no mean critic, was very fond of it. It is an exquisite little story, and has all that flavour of refinement, that *ethos*, which lingered long around the early Tractarians, and of which we have spoken. The *motif* of the story, if we may use such a word, is the evils of day-dreaming, of religious emotion which is not translated into action. There is no love-story at all, and the whole is an episode in the lives of three sisters.

They, Constance, Emmeline, and Kate Berners, are Indian children who have been sent home to be educated. Their mother has married again, and her husband, Sir Francis Willoughby, has also a son by his first marriage, Frank, who is about the same

age as Emmeline and Kate. Constance, almost directly after she left school, was seen and beloved by a young clergyman, Lord Herbert Somers, younger son of one Lord Liddersdale. They are married before the return of the Willoughbys, and very soon are obliged to go abroad, as Lord Herbert has a bad breakdown in health. The story opens on the eve of Emmeline's and Katherine's Confirmation. They are still at school. Sir Francis and Lady Willoughby return rather sooner than they were expected, and in the excitement of the arrival, and the sight of the two new brothers and a new sister, the Confirmation is pushed aside. Then home-life begins for them. They are taken to a seaside town, where Sir Francis has rented a temporary house, and all their fresh aspirations and longings and their mistakes are described.

Each person in the story is a good sketch of character: Sir Francis, kind-hearted, fussy, imperious, irascible if provoked; Lady Willoughby, gentle, selfish, absolutely worldly and mindless; Emmeline, dreamy, full of aspirations and high ideals, and as yet incapable of putting them into practice; Kate, more good-natured and merry than her sister, but greatly dependent on her.

The girls are eager about good works, and fall into the hands of some kind old ladies who are greatly prejudiced against the Vicar, who is starting such innovations as daily service and weekly Communion (it is the year 1849). There is an amusing difference between that year of grace and the present one. The only schools in the town apparently belonged to the new churches, and

visitors to one of them were freely invited and encouraged to take classes, The new Vicar sternly discouraged all this.

But in these days we all know old ladies, kind and fussy, exact dittoes of the Miss Shaws of this book, very full of horror of what is now called Ritualism, and was then termed Puseyism. Emmie and Kate, indeed, get into trouble because they insist on the Church Catechism being said by their pupils.

On the scene arrives Sir Francis's son. Frank is a charming boy. Miss Yonge, as we have said, had a great gift for describing real boys, and surely one of her numerous cousins suggested the rosy, sweet-tempered, not particularly clever but saintly boy. We use the word quite advisedly. Frank appeared absolutely commonplace to the ordinary observer, and to his new connections, who at once accepted him as a brother, he was a complete puzzle. Gradually they found out that behind his unfailing courtesy and consideration, his thoughtfulness for the poor little governess, his unfailing good temper, was a deep religious principle.

Frank had been brought up by a brother of Sir Francis, at whose Vicarage the boy had spent his holidays. In Mr. Willoughby we are sure Miss Yonge drew a picture of some one of those holy men whom she knew so well. The present writer owns that Mr. Willoughby always made her think of Mr. Keble, in his simplicity, his learning, his gentleness, his old-fashioned courtesy, his love for his parish, of which he had been the parson for forty years. He is a delightful man, and he really cannot have been much more than fifty, although he is spoken of as if he

were much older, for twenty years later he reappears in *The Pillars of the House.* Miss Yonge was just a little bit apt to get mixed in her chronology.

Emmie and Kate are by this time rather tired of good works, and have taken up higher learning and culture with great enthusiasm and some selfishness.

Frank had assimilated his uncle's teaching, and fully intended to take Orders. His father, however, suddenly announced his intention of putting him into the Guards, and it is with difficulty poor Frank brings himself to consent. Unfortunately, he has been taken away from school to prepare for the army, and his practices and devotional habits cannot be kept quite out of Sir Francis's sight. The poor man cannot endure the idea of a religious soldier, and from pettish exclamations proceeds to denunciations of the system in which Frank has been brought up. Finally, on the Feast of the Annunciation, things come to a crisis: Sir Francis tells the boy to go back to his uncle, as he wishes to have done with sermons and hypocrisy. In the afternoon the girls take Frank and their youngest brother for a walk on the sands; they are overtaken by the tide, and are rescued with much difficulty. Frank is drowned.

The account of this tragedy is most beautifully given, and the effect on all the survivors wonderfully brought out. The bitter grief of Sir Francis, which passes over him like a tornado, and leaves him apparently much the same; the bracing up of Kate to seek the path Frank had trod, and the opposite effect it produced on Emmeline, who, having shirked all her duties, only found that her illness and bitter

grief made her feel more dissatisfied, unwilling to undergo the inconvenience of a new preparation for Confirmation, and hail with delight the prospect of a London season. And again, to Kate's great sorrow, they lose the opportunity of Confirmation. In London Emmie becomes extremely fascinated by the services at a new Roman Catholic chapel.

Then Herbert Somers breaks in upon us. Herbert has almost died abroad, and his wife, who is not unlike Alexandrine de la Ferronay in some respects, is all that Emmeline and Kate aspired to be. Lord Herbert has accepted the living of Dearport, and it is arranged that his sisters-in-law should help Constance to settle in. These two, Herbert and Constance, are extraordinarily charming, merry, clever, and endued with that touch of romance which is the very flower of our religion. They make light of all sorts of disagreeables, and begin to do excellent work at once. Yet they are not the least impossible or unreal. Kate, who has been absolutely won over by Frank's death, is intensely happy; but Emmie, who is really still extremely unwell, can only feel disillusioned by everything. At last, rather suddenly, a talk with Herbert shows her that it is not her circumstances, but herself, which has been to blame. She has dreamed, not acted.

'"I could not feel to care about religion; I grew tired of all the good books and thoughts and church-going. Herbert, don't think me wicked for it, but church-going has such a sameness—not always as you manage the service, but at that church in London it did not make one a bit devout.

Everything is weariness together, and I shall feel so all my life."

'"Stop, stop, Emmeline! You have not let me ask you how it was that religion failed as you say."

'"Because I must be too bad for anything to do me any good, I suppose," said Emmeline despondently.

'"Hush, Emmeline! None of the chosen people of God have a right to speak in that way. But, tell me, what do you understand by religion?"

'"Oh, thinking, caring about holy things, stirring up one's spirit, feeling love to God—those kinds of things—liking holy things——" hesitated Emmeline, somewhat puzzled.

'"There is the main-spring; but that is but half the matter. You had the beginning, but what came of it? How was it evidenced? You tried to feel; what did you try to do?"

'"I was not well; I could not do much," said Emmeline.

'"But what did you try to do? Did you try to be more attentive to the home duties in which you had fallen short?"

'"I did not think that was it."

'"Did you try to conquer your reluctance to letting Mr. Brent enter into conversation with you?"

'"Mamma did not wish it."

'"Did you try, when you were taken to London, to keep from following the foolish, undesirable ways of other people of your own age, which you yourself thought wrong at first sight?"

'"Do you mean the polka, Herbert?"

'"Or did you, in the new scene, allow yourself to relax in the devotional exercises you had taken up? Don't answer me, but yourself."

'"I can't think how you know everything, Herbert. But, you see, religion won't do for me."

'"I don't see any such thing. You have had a fit of excitement of feeling, which has passed off, but you are not thinking that you have been without religion all the years of your life."

'"Oh no; but that is not what one means. That is too shocking."

'"You are a Christian. Each right action or feeling, each act of faith or prayer, through your whole life, have not they been fruits of your baptismal grace?"

'"I suppose so; but there have been few enough of them."

'"And do you think that is caused by any defect in the grace then given you?"

'"Oh, no, no!"

'"But they have been passing, fleeting, unstable of late. You have had no rest in them, no comfort of mind, no true wisdom, nor strength; no firmness, no abiding sensation of love and fear of God."

'Emmeline gave a sort of groan, that showed that his words went home to her heart.

'"And you say it is the fault of religion? Emmeline, our religion holds out to us a means of receiving the strength of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, giving us the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and the spirit of God's holy fear."

'"Confirmation!" said Emmeline. "Oh, Herbert, would it do all that for me? I do believe it would be peace at last."

'"Emmeline, I am sure it would. It is not I that tell you so; it is the promise of God through His Church."

'"Yes; but it is on a condition! How am I ever to fulfil that condition? I may make the vow, and intend to keep it, and believe fully, but the feeling will go. I shall be unsteady again."

'"If you were to stand in your own strength, not in the all-sufficient grace, you would; but besides prayer, will there not then be open to you the especial means of strengthening and refreshing our souls?"

'"But how many there are no better for being confirmed!"

'"How can we tell? They may be better, or, if they fail, it may be that their hearts are not prepared. They wanted prayer, or they wanted faith, or they were not in earnest, or they fell away through some unresisted temptation, not from any defect in the Confirmation grace, which will yet restore many."

'"Then you think if we had been confirmed we should have avoided our faults?"

'"No, I say no such thing. I cannot tell how you would have kept your vow, but I know you would then have been obedient to that summons of the Church; the grace would have been given to you, and if you had used it rightly——"

'"Ah, I do believe that it would have made a difference. I know I should have been afraid to

stay away from the Holy Communion after your letter, and then I should have watched myself more, and perhaps been saved from these faults, though I never thought they were so bad before. I knew I was good for nothing, but I could not make out that I did anything very wrong. Oh, I am very glad we are to be confirmed now!"'

And Confirmation is at last bestowed on them, not without some self-sacrifice on their part.

Nothing can be more delightful than the account of the first settling in at Dearport, and all that Herbert, his curates, and Constance found to do.

Photo by W. T. Green.

C. M. YONGE'S WRITING-TABLE AT ELDERFIELD.

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CHAPTER IV

'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE'

(1850—1854)

It was the publication of this book which made the fame of Charlotte Mary Yonge. Miss Yonge herself tells us, in the reminiscences of Mr. Keble, how the book arose:

'In the May of 1850 a friend (Miss Dyson) told me there were two characters she wanted to see brought out in a story—namely, the essentially contrite and the self-satisfied. Good men, we agreed, were in most of the books of the day, subdued by the memory of some involuntary disaster—generally the killing someone out shooting—whereas the "penitence of the saints" was unattempted. The self-satisfied hero was to rate the humble one at still lower than his own estimate, to persecute him, and never be undeceived till he had caused his death. This was the germ of the tale, of which mine was the playwright work of devising action and narrative. It is less really my own than the later ones, and therefore rises much higher.

'We were all very happy over it, and Mr. and Mrs. Keble showed their usual patient goodness in

listening to romancings of the yet unwritten story and throwing their interest into it; then in reading and correcting the MS. As an instance or two, in the description of the sunset the sun had been called a *circle*, but the poet-hand made it an *orb*. And when Mr. Edmondstone had called Philip a coxcomb, Mrs. Keble made the substitute of a jackanapes. Also, at first, Philip, in his solitude at Redclyffe, had been haunted by dread of insanity; but this was altered, because both the kind critics believed it to be absolutely cruel to bring forward that topic to enhance a mere fiction, and they mentioned instances in which the suggestion of the idea had done serious harm to excitable persons already in dread of that visitation. . . . Again, he advised the alteration of the end of an argument which concluded in a sarcastic and overbearing manner, saying: "I wish you would deprive the passage of its triumphant air." In general, the purport of the marks was to guard to the utmost both delicacy and reverence. The very least approach to a careless reference to Holy Scripture or that could connect with it a ludicrous idea was always expunged. I wish my words could do justice to the kindness and good judgment of both these dear friends with regard to that book.'

Mr. Yonge conducted the arrangements for the publication, and as he evidently had no idea how to manage the affair, a good deal of delay ensued. For instance, the book, by Sir John Coleridge's advice, was first offered to Mr. Murray, which seems extraordinarily stupid, as at that

time that eminent publisher did not issue works of fiction.

However, it was handed over to Mr. Parker, and when it appeared it had an undoubted success.

We all know how such people as Burne-Jones and William Morris loved it, and that young men and young women adored it. It is funny to find from Miss Coleridge that there was evidently fear on the author's side that the family circle might consider it 'too daring.' It is a delightful book, and many of us are fain to confess to having read it at least a score of times.

> 'It embodied,' says Miss Coleridge, 'the spirit of the Oxford Movement in its purest and sweetest form. It is a delightful picture of the best kind of English upper middle class society of the time, and the talk, the ideas are fresh and bright and amusing. Miss Yonge had a sense of humour and some power of irony. It is almost a pity these gifts were not more encouraged, for Mr. Edmonstone, the good-humoured, well-bred, rather stupid and lovable father so easily overborne by the righteous Philip, is the most ably drawn, and is one of the most living of the people, who are, however, all alive and creatures of flesh and blood.'

But would Miss Yonge and Mr. Keble and Miss Dyson have considered this heresy? Guy does not seem to us to belong to the category of those who are penitents first and then saints, but rather to be a modern Sir Galahad, to be one of those who keep 'the princely heart of innocence.'

For *did* he yield to any temptation? Does the

author not make Guy confuse temptation with sin? Was his anger not the anger of a pure and noble mind when confronted by malicious spite? It is possible that if he had met Philip the very moment that he had opened the letter he might have sinned; but the fact remains that before the sun went down Guy had forgiven his enemy. We are not saying this is unreal or impossible—not at all; only that Guy ought not to have thought of himself as unworthy of Amabel, or have sat down so quietly under his injuries. Why he did not seek an interview with his guardian instead of writing, and how Mr. Edmonstone could be satisfied to let him go so easily, we cannot see; and beautiful as the story is, we cannot but feel that all the fuss about Guy and his supposed misdemeanours was a real storm in a teacup, nor does it seem to us probable that a man of the world, as Mr. Edmonstone must have been, could think a boy of twenty likely to have become a very deep-dyed villain, or have thought a lapse into extravagance—nay, even into betting—an indication of hopeless depravity.

But putting this aside, the story is most delightful; Charles, Amy, the old doctor, Mr. Edmonstone, Lady Evelyn, are all charming people. Philip is admirable — his self-deceit, his priggishness, his Philistinism, all brought out with a delightful simplicity and irony. Amy is the type of character that her creator dearly loved: gentle, sweet, *apparently* weak, and rising on occasion to heights of heroism, of which no one would have supposed her capable.

It is a great blessing that no continuation of the *Heir* ever saw the light. Amy and Charles grown

old would have been too sad, and we could not have borne the Nemesis which undoubtedly would have overtaken Philip and Laura.

Miss Yonge was capable at times of real beauty in her writing, and the story of the death of Guy, so simply told, is beautiful.

And Guy himself is a veritable boy of flesh and blood, and is not at all unreal or impossible. He is so alive that we feel his death is heart-rending, he is so delicious in his young enthusiasm and so untouched by the world. Perhaps it is this unworldliness which gives the *Heir* and one or two more of Miss Yonge's books their especial charm.

She resembles Scott in one respect, that her heroes are good men. Sir Walter's heroes are often supposed to be uninteresting, but some of them, at any rate, do not deserve this reproach. Henry Morton, Frank Osbaldistone, Edmund Tressilian, to take only three, are excellent and delightful young men, all virtuous (one of them, certainly, had fought a duel) and brave and accomplished. Guy is a fitting companion to them, with the additional grace of an Oxford training upon him. It is a delightful trait in Miss Yonge that, unmusical as she was, she much appreciated a gift for music in others. Guy loved music, which love was a deadly offence in the eyes of Philip, who, as we have said, is a perfect type of Philistine before Mr. Matthew Arnold had made Philistinism known to us.

Miss Yonge's letters to Miss Dyson, who was known as Guy's mother, about the *Heir* and other topics are perfectly delightful. We only wish there were more of them. Here are some to Miss Barnett:

'*June* 30, 1851.

[The writer is working on *The Heir of Redclyffe*.]

'No. III. is in clover. I have had something of some sort almost every day lately, and am not at all afraid of the 60 pages.

'. . . Sir Guy Morville considers himself much honoured by your invitation, and as much as there is or will be by that time of him shall attend you. It will be a real kindness to take him out of my reach, for he is such pleasant work as to spoil me for more regular business, but there is such a quantity of him all uncondensed and untrimmed that I am afraid you will repent. I hope you have not told Mrs. Butler the story beforehand, for I want much to know the sort of impression the story makes on a new person, and whether Philip is hated as much as by those who know how he is to end.'

'As for Guy, he is seeking his fortune in London, and I expect every day to hear of his fate, so I hope it may not be long before he comes forth to all the world. He thanks you and Mrs. Butler for kindly inviting him. I don't think it will be quite as much of a "Bustle"* book as erst, for the last critical reading decided that there was rather too much Bustle, and he has been a little curtailed.'

'I am glad Mrs. Butler does not feel like one of our neighbours, who complained that she never would have read the book if she had known what it was coming to. I have had a great deal of

* Guy's dog.

pleasure out of it, I must say, and it has been very amusing to hear the different views that people have taken of Philip.

'Now about Violet [*Heartsease*]. She is much obliged and honoured by your invitation, but I wanted to tell you the state of the case. . . . She is in a very unfit state for being seen. . . . My opinion is that she is in great danger of being long and stupid, and I am trying to condense her.'

Another letter says:

'Thank you, I have seen the *Times*. Sir William Heathcote told me there was such an article [a review of *The Heir of Redclyffe*], but he had not had time to read it, so I had to wait till morning in doubt whether it would be a knock-down one, and it was rather a relief that it was not all abuse. It is very amusing to see how Miss Wellwood* comes in for exactly the same abuse as if she was alive, and with the same discrimination as to facts. It seems to me exactly the world's judgment of Guy and Philip—loving Guy and not understanding him, and sympathizing with Philip as more comprehensible. However, Marianne's son† cannot be disliked, in spite of his principles—a great triumph for her.'

It is very helpful to all who have had any literary success to read of the calm, uplifting advice given by Mr. Keble. He was her spiritual guide. We do

* Miss Wellwood was the lady whom Guy wanted to aid in founding a Sisterhood.

† Miss Dyson was always known as 'Guy's mother,' as the first idea of the story came from her.

not know if she had yet begun what she did in time practise under his direction—Sacramental Confession. To her he spoke of what a successful book might be—'the trial of one's life.' She writes herself:

'It was in the course of the summer of 1854 that the book, of which I have already said too much, attained its chief popularity, and showed me how little Mr. Keble cared for worldly estimation. Not that one word of depreciation or want of sympathy was said. Far from it. He enjoyed—nay, took a kind pride in—its success; but when I came to him alarmed at my own sense of vainglory, he told me "a successful book might be the trial of one's life"; showed me how work (even of this sort) might be dedicated; how, whenever it was possible, I could explain how the real pith of the work came from another mind; and dismissed me with the concluding words of the 90th Psalm (the which has most thankfully, I own, so far been realized).

'And when, in spite of all this, he saw me eager to see some "opinion of the press," he smiled, and said: "Oh, you care for such things." Though I know he perfectly entered into the value of a sound *criticism* examining into a matter, a mere puff was nothing at all to him; and as to works of his own, I verily believe he much preferred hearing nothing about them. Forcing praise upon a person he considered as unkind, in the truest sense of the word, since where it was not painful it must be hurtful. By praise, however, I do not

mean approbation, which his soul never stinted; in fact, he was often quite enthusiastically carried away by admiration of anything he thought excellent or containing the merest germ of excellence.'

About this time were begun the *Landmarks in History*, and those who have been made in their youth to read them will know something of the salient points of European history.

The weak point of all her histories is a certain confusion of style and an enormous number of proper names; but for all that they are good books, and are adapted to lay a foundation of historical knowledge which seems so often strangely neglected.

Another book was begun in these early fifties, one not less, probably even more, a power for good than *The Heir of Redclyffe—The Daisy Chain.*

In some ways this is the very best of all Miss Yonge's books. Dr. May, the father of the May family, is a real creation. He is, of all her many most living characters, *the* most alive; he is so human, so thorough an Englishman of the best kind, of honourable family of the upper middle class, of good education, possessing cultivated tastes; a man most loving, tender-hearted, chivalrous, and quick-tempered, who, stricken to the ground by a terrible sorrow, rises through it, and by it, to real self-conquest, to heights of goodness and of self-denial. There is no one in all the long series of Miss Yonge's characters whom some of us long more to meet than dear Dr. Richard May. All the May

family are delightful. And Ethel—so much has been said of her that it seems almost needless to write anything of the girl who has inspired so many of us to work for the Church.

In this most delightful book occur some of Miss Yonge's best bits of schoolboy life. Norman, Harry, Tom, are all typical boys. Norman is, we suppose, hardly less a favourite than Ethel. Perhaps many lovers of *The Daisy Chain* hardly do justice to Margaret, who, Miss Coleridge tells us, was at first the author's chief interest. Margaret is a most beautiful character; she is called to bear a veritable martyrdom, and she does not fail. Everyone is interesting in this book: the sailor lover (the pathetic story of Alan Ernescliffe and of Margaret is simply and beautifully told), the delightful sailor brother, the masters at the school, the rather slow and unintellectual Richard May, so good and unselfish. Flora, the second daughter, is a study of the character which Miss Yonge most cordially disliked, the person who is worldly in a perfectly unobtrusive and estimable way. Flora is dreadfully punished for sins which were indeed sins, and very soon cured; but if she had been as thoroughly given over to the world as Miss Yonge believed she was, poor Flora's sorrows would not have cured her. She was pathetically young—only about twenty-four—when she repented, and we really think Miss Yonge was inclined to think too hardly of her.

We have said something of one love-story in this book; all the love-making is so charmingly described—the perfect marriage of Dr. and Mrs. May, broken so suddenly, so tragically, the romantic little

love-story of Norman May and Meta Rivers, that dainty little fairylike person.

One great enthusiasm of Miss Yonge's appears now—Foreign Mission work. A connection of hers whose biography twenty years later she was called to write, John Coleridge Patteson—known to her and to all his family as 'Coley'—had gone out with Bishop Selwyn to New Zealand and the Islands of the Sea, and it was to those regions Miss Yonge sent Norman May and his Meta, to that mission for which she herself cared and worked and gave her best.

There are some Oxford scenes, and some hints are given of the stress and strain which so many of the best of Oxford felt in those years after the disappearance of Newman.

The Daisy Chain, in our opinion, is as fresh and delicious as when it delighted people in the fifties. There are not many old-fashioned episodes. The horror of Miss Winter, the very prim governess, at the thought of a 'gentleman' walking with the girls of the May family, is perhaps the only episode which reminds us that ''tis sixty years' since the Mays gathered in the schoolroom for their last reading with their mother, in the opening chapter, except, indeed, that the family never needed any change of air, never seemed to go away simply for health's sake, and very rarely for any other reason. And they dined in the middle of the day!

The Daisy Chain was begun in the *Monthly Packet* in 1851, but only Part I. appeared there, and it was not published in book form until 1856.

Heartsease; or, The Brother's Wife, came out in 1854. Probably most of Miss Yonge's lovers would say that these three books—*The Heir of Redclyffe*, *The Daisy Chain*, and *Heartsease*—are the best of the tales of contemporary life. Charles Kingsley, indeed, preferred *Heartsease* to the *Heir*, Miss Yonge writes in 1855. It is a very clever story, and the heroine, Violet, is one of those developing characters who out of weakness wax strong, whom Miss Yonge so much loved. Again, in this book the characters are very much alive, and we meet with some extremely disagreeable people. The old aunt, Mrs. Nesbit, is quite a wicked old woman. Miss Yonge herself records that Mr. Keble restrained her once or twice.

> 'The chief alteration I remember was that a sentence was erased as "coarse," in which Theodora said she really had a heart, though some people thought it was only a machine for pumping blood. Meeting the same expression in another book recalled to me the scrupulous refinement of Hursley.'

Heartsease is still very fresh and charming, and has a good deal of knowledge of the world, as the world appears to a lady who met it in cultivated and well-born circles. There is just a slight and very distant knowledge of evil, and the declension of Arthur is quite natural. Not quite so probable is his rapid reformation. The book is in some respects an advance on *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and deserves to be read even in this century.

Miss Yonge writes in 1855:

'Mamma told you of the wonderful début of Violet. I only wonder whether she will thrive as well when the critics have set their claws on her; the home critics are very amusing in their variety and "characteristicalness" (there's a word!).

'My Colonel correspondent complains of the babies. . . . Sir W. Heathcote says the will [Mrs. Nesbit's, the wicked aunt's, we suppose] would not stand; Judge Coleridge falls foul of the geography of the Lakes; and so on.

'Most people say they think others will like it as well as Guy, though they don't themselves, and some few prefer it. It does want papa very much; but, then, he did set it going, and there is mamma to gloat over it.'

Mr. Yonge died suddenly early in 1854, just as his only boy was starting for the Crimea; and in the recollections so often quoted in this book Miss Yonge writes:

'It would be vain to tell what Mr. and Mrs. Keble were to us in those hours of affliction—how they came to us in the cold of a February Sunday evening (no trifle for *her*), shared, soothed, elevated our grief; were all that the dearest could be, and never left us till our relations were with us; then, with tender sympathy, helped to bear us up through the long months of anxiety that ensued.'

After Mr. Yonge's death Miss Yonge writes to Miss Barnett:

'DEAR, GOOD OLD SLAVE,

'How nice and kind and understanding your letter was, and how thankful one should be for such friends! . . .

'The worst will be over when we hear from Julian, poor boy! Till then it seems like bearing the first stroke. But I am sure it fell mercifully as far as we were concerned, and the flow of feelings that meet us from all is very gratifying.

'I believe my uncle, always living in his own town far off, had no notion of the estimation in which his brother was held.

'. . . I know I shall miss him more when he has been away longer.'

We think an extract from one of Mrs. Yonge's letters may well come in here. She was always full of interest and enthusiasm about Charlotte. Writing to Miss Barnett a few months after Mr. Yonge's death, she says:

'I think she [Charlotte] is the one person who has more pleasure from her books than I have. We never tire of talking of them before they are written, and correcting the MS. and the proofs. I have just read the first volume of Guy again, but cannot venture upon the second. My thankfulness increases, I think, that Charlotte's guide was spared to her till the dangers from a first success were over. I do not see that she loses her unself-consciousness, and if there is danger we have Mr. Keble. . . .'

The little glimpses we get from Mrs. Yonge's

letters show us the sweet, loyal natures of both mother and daughter, and the absolute sympathy which had grown up between them.

The delight in Charlotte's doings never grew less as long as health and life were spared to the mother.

CHAPTER V

'CONVERSATIONS ON THE CATECHISM'—'DYNEVOR TERRACE'—A VISIT TO IRELAND

(1855—1858)

THERE were many months of anxiety for Charlotte and her mother after the irreparable loss; but in time the brother returned, in bad health indeed, but safe, from the Crimea, and, as he recovered, there was much happiness in their daily life. The large family of Moberlys at Winchester were an increasing joy to her. Indeed, they are said to have suggested the Mays, and, oddly enough, some of the events in the family at Stoneborough seem to have been unconscious prophecies of similar occurrences to the Moberlys—such as the winning of the Newdigate, and one or two other episodes.

And there was the great joy of meeting Bishop Selwyn at Winchester, and in a delightful letter to Miss Dyson, which is given in Miss Coleridge's *Life*, she describes the enthusiasm she felt and the joy it was to her to meet the hero Bishop. Her account of great old Warden Barter's speech reminds us of the description in *The Daisy Chain* of the S.P.G. meeting at Stoneborough, and of Norman May's speech.

In a footnote to Bishop Patteson's *Life*, Miss Yonge

Photo by W. T. Green.

OTTERBOURNE VILLAGE, WITH ELDERFIELD ON THE RIGHT.

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writes that the means for the *Southern Cross*, Bishop Selwyn's missionary ship, had been raised—

> 'partly thus. My mother had always been eagerly interested in the mission, and when, on the day of my father's funeral, something brought before her the request for the vessel, she said to Mrs. Keble how much she should like to see the sum raised by contributions from those who liked *The Heir of Redclyffe*, then in its first flush of success. Mrs. Keble, pleased to see that anything could interest her, warmly took up the idea, other friends joined, and by their great kindness a sum was raised sufficient to be at least worth presenting to the Bishop by the hands of a little three-year-old girl, just able to know that she had seen "man" and given him letter, though only able later to value his blessing.'

This was done in Warden Barter's garden on the afternoon of the day of the meeting.

As time went on, Miss Yonge seems to have enjoyed the county society around very much, and the next few years must have been happy ones in the full tide of work and of interests.

The *Conversations on the Catechism* were put together in 1858, and their author much wished Mr. Keble to write a preface for them. In a letter given in her *Recollections* he gently refuses, telling her that this 'is not an unknown little bird waiting to be jerked out of the nest,' and that it is undesirable to let people think or say (as they are too likely to do) that this is only Mr. Keble speaking with another

voice, and that he had not seen as a critic the whole of it. Miss Yonge says:

> 'I never quite knew what he meant by his not having read the whole as a critic—either he forgot how much he had read, or he had kept himself from touching anything that did not strike him as a positive error in fact or doctrine. I incline to this latter opinion, from what he says of independent testimony. He certainly did not give advice as to the general plan or subjects; all he did was to read the proofs and mark what was wrong, or when I was in a difficulty help me out by lending books, or consulting them when the point turned upon Greek or Hebrew.'*

He had given her one piece of advice which certainly would not be needed nowadays: 'It occurred to me whether, when the ladies quote Greek, they had not better say they have heard their fathers and brothers say things.'

These *Conversations* are extraordinarily good. One might wish to alter an expression here and there —for, naturally, in 1851-1858 people were still feeling their way—but what one really wishes is addition rather than omission. They are full of the most excellent teaching, and might be used by mothers still, especially if they could be re-edited and condensed. The three Maries—Audrey Mary, Helena Mary, and Mary—who gather round their godmother, are representatives of the three classes Miss Yonge

* *Gleanings from Thirty Years' Intercourse with the Rev. John Keble,* p. xxviii.

knew so well—the county family, the country clergy, the respectable farmers. They are all very individual in their characters, and very attractive in their girlish ways.

Perhaps a quotation or two will show how very good the teaching is. Speaking of idolatry, she says, explaining 'Put my whole trust in Him,' that people, women especially, may be led away by the temper of idolatry.

'*Miss O.* Yes, that is one branch; the other I meant is the temper that enables women to be led captive. I did not so much, at that moment, mean over-love as over-trust. I mean, that we had often rather shape our views of right and wrong, and guide our actions, by the counsel of someone we look up to, than by the rule of God's law.

'*Audrey.* But I thought it was right not to be self-reliant, and that we ought to be guided.

'*Miss O.* So we ought, to a certain point, but our guides are but men. There is no safety in giving the *whole* keeping of our conscience to another. Our rule of right and wrong, and our doctrine, must be what Scripture and our own Church teach us, not merely what an individual or a few individuals may say. We must have an external standard.

'*Audrey.* And that must be the Bible and Prayer Book.

'*Miss O.* . . . Enthusiasm, when kept within bounds, is a feeling given, I do believe, to quicken love to God and our neighbour, and to become zeal for all that is excellent; but if unguarded it be-

comes an idolatry. This sort of which you spoke, which I think our Lord forbade in the words, "Call no man father on earth, for One is your Father," has been the means of leading many and many away from our Church on one side or the other, and often, as it seems, through their best feelings.

'*Audrey.* Their love of goodness, and honour to their pastor, and desire for guidance.

'*Miss O.* I was once struck with the words that desire for guidance becomes a snare where God has not vouchsafed it. To make God and His law the first, and ever to watch for His invisible hand working through the visible, to listen to His voice through the audible calls to good, to seek only His service, to call upon Him alone at every hour, to keep His Presence and His Mediation ever in our minds, is the only guard from creature-worship in any form, the only hope when in the hour of death and day of judgment all creatures shall fail us, and we shall be face to face with Him alone.'

Of course, part of Miss Yonge's advice about attendance at Holy Communion and on other points would not find favour with some of us now. But all her teaching as to the doctrine of the Sacraments is admirable. She constantly refers to the Fathers and the best Anglican divines.

Dynevor Terrace, which came out in 1857, has a delightful hero, Louis, and a provokingly good heroine. Here again is the situation of a child's obedience strained to the utmost point. Louis and Mary are really too submissive to the unworthy father of the latter, and, although it all

comes right in the end, we cannot see that Mary took a right view of conflicting duties.

Much more natural people are Louis's fiery cousin Jem and his dreamy, beautiful wife, who is roused by poverty and trials, and becomes a real helpmate to her husband. Mrs. Frost, Jem's grandmother, is very delightful, but we cannot feel she is as living and original as Dr. May, with whom Miss Coleridge compares her.

It is a very delightful book to real lovers of Miss Yonge, not so much because of the story, but because Louis himself and his tomboy cousin Clara, and Jem and Mrs. Frost, are such charming people.

In a letter to Miss Barnett, Miss Yonge discusses the pet name of 'Debonnaire' as applied to Louis.

> 'The folk here,' she writes, 'are quite on my side about "Debonnaire." In the first place, the King was so called as synonymous with Pious, according to Sismondi, and the proper original meaning of this word seems to have been "gracious," in which sense it is constantly applied to the best of the knights. Modern French has debased it, and given it of late the sense of weakness. . . . In English it decidedly means graceful. . . . Johnson calls it elegant, civil, well-bred, and no doubt it was such in the chivalrous vocabulary. Now, this was just what I wanted; if it had no foolish sense it would be flattery. . . .'

Miss Yonge again brings out her favourite idea of a weak character gradually developing under the influences of right principles. Louis, however, was only boyish and unformed when we first meet him,

and had just the qualities and gifts suited to provoke his father, than whom Miss Yonge never drew a more perfect picture of a perfectly upright, excellent, narrow-minded and prejudiced British nobleman.

Certainly there is one point which strikes a reader of these earlier novels of society of Miss Yonge. A great deal more was expected in the way of sense and powers of judgment from the young man and woman of, say, seventeen or eighteen in those early nineteenth-century days than seems to be demanded now. Our boys and girls are decidedly younger than they used to be, and we are not sure that this is a change altogether for the worse. Certainly no modern father would be so hard on his son's excessively harmless vagaries as was Lord Ormesfield on Louis. There is a good deal of humour in both Louis and in his great-aunt, Mrs. Frost.

Miss Yonge went to Dublin in 1857 to be bridesmaid to her cousin, Miss Colborne, now Lady Montgomery Moore. She writes to Miss Barnett:

'Royal Hospital, Dublin,
'*September* 28, 1857.

'The place we are in is a sight in itself—an old house of the Knight Hospitallers, which the great Ormond converted into an Irish Chelsea [Hospital], making the Commander of the Forces the Master. It is built round a quadrangle, with a cloister, a chapel, and great hall, all in Louis XIV. style . . . this house occupying one side, with the hall and chapel, the house of the Chaplain, and some of the staff, and the old pensioners. . . . It is very military church-going . . . sitting in a hideous

gallery looking down on them [the Lancers]. The pensioners are chiefly R.C., so that there is a very small show of them at church. . . . It was a beautiful scene in the great oaken hall, with Lord Seaton's grand figure walking up and down . . . all that he ever was in activity, and alertness, and memory.

'The Church matters are wonderfully lax, as might be expected, the Irish Church hardly professing to believe in the Church. . . . Kneeling appears to be unknown. I have seen no provision for it except in the gallery here and in a beautiful church built by Mr. Sidney Herbert, to which we went yesterday afternoon.

'Lord Seaton was so kind as to give us . . . a field-day in Phœnix Park. Only think of being regaled with four regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and a proportion of artillery, and on a sunshiny day of Irish winds, with the beauteous park for the scene and the Wicklow Hills as background. . . . We had no visible enemy, but we suffered a repulse in spite of a brilliant charge of the Lancers and Scots Greys, but it was all to get us home to luncheon.'

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT ELDERFIELD—'THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER'—'THE TRIAL,' AND OTHER BOOKS

(1858—1866)

ANOTHER change came into Miss Yonge's life in 1858. Her brother, Julian Yonge, married, and delighted as Charlotte was to have a sister, and, in time, nephews and nieces, Mrs. Yonge and Charlotte wisely determined to move from Otterbourne House and take up their abode at a cottage very near their old home —Elderfield Cottage, as it then was. In this long, low house with a pleasant garden, both mother and daughter lived for the rest of their respective lives.

In a perfectly charming letter to Miss Barnett, Miss Yonge describes her brother's wedding—how pretty the bride was, how joyous she herself felt: 'I am sure I felt all the time as if I were being married to her just as much as Julian.'

No sister could have been found more loyal and true and unselfish than was Charlotte Yonge. She was childlike in her gladness; she was one of those people whose best and noblest qualities are seen best in their relations with their nearest and dearest.

In this letter there is an amusing quotation from a review, which says:

'Miss Sewell upheld baptismal regeneration in *Amy Herbert*, and mild stupidity in *Ursula*, and Miss Yonge has turned from the contemplation of the corporal works of mercy to that of the virtues of a hereditary aristocracy' (we suppose in *Dynevor Terrace*).

Elderfield is almost on the road between Winchester and Southampton, but this was no drawback, quite the contrary, in those thrice-blessed years before motor-cars destroyed country life and gardens, and peace and quiet for simple people whose chief desire is to *stay* in pleasant places when they get to them. Mercifully, Miss Yonge never saw the change which motors have produced, and Otterbourne was in her time the quiet, peaceful little hamlet it had always been, with fields and dells where daffodils and cowslips grew. She had an intense pleasure in common everyday sights, to which her books bear witness; she loved botany, and the little book reprinted from the *Magazine for the Young* testified to her knowledge. Then she had the great pleasure of her school-children. Every day she went up to the school and gave a lesson in Scripture to boys or girls, and on other subjects at times.

Writing from Puslinch in September, 1859, she speaks of her home in that place:

'It is nine years since I had been here. . . . All is much the same, and the ways of the house, sounds and sights, walks and church-going, are all unaltered. And there is all the exceeding pleasure of the old terms, the playful half teasing and

scolding, and being set down for nonsense, and, oh, above all, Uncle Yonge—having more of the father to me than any one could have, though very, very different—but to him Papa looked up, and of him I used to be more afraid than anyone; and this makes it the most pleasant thing to be with him, and get the kind, merry words that are more to "William's daughter" than to anything else, not at all to the authoress, for it [her fame?] is rather a joke here. He has some elements of Humfrey* in him, chiefly the kindly common sense, and the sense of duty which is indeed a good heritage. But it is the first time I ever saw his grey head here without the other silver head that used to be inseparable from it. I have often been here without Mamma, but never without Papa, and you know how to him Devon was like a schoolboy's home, and we used *to be so very happy* together. . . .

'I have left all work behind, and feel as if I were living my own life instead of that of my people, and being the old original Charlotte instead of Miss Yonge.'

And on her return home she writes:

'That visit was on the whole so delicious, and leaves such a sunny impression on my mind, that it is strange to remember the spots of yearning recollection and the great pang of going away. Not that I was not glad to get back . . . but when one looked back to the last time of parting in the full hope of being together the next year, and remem-

* The Squire in *Hopes and Fears*.

Photo by W. T. Green.

THE LIBRARY, ELDERFIELD.

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bered that nine such years passed before the next visit, and that it was with two such gaps, one's heart could not but sink. But it was a happy time and a reassuring one, for I set out with a sense that "winds had rent my sheltering bowers," knowing that my uncle had had a good deal of illness . . . but when I got there it was so like old times, and Uncle Yonge so bright and well and exactly like his old self, that it was quite a happy surprise, and, whatever happens, the recollection of that visit will have been a gain.'

Miss Yonge went sometimes to London, and she was beginning to form friendships with a younger generation of girls, of whom the most distinguished was Miss Christabel Coleridge, her future biographer, herself the author, in later years, of many delightful stories.

Sir John Taylor Coleridge's elder daughter, Mary, was one of Charlotte Yonge's most intimate friends (all the letters to her from Miss Yonge have been destroyed), and it occurred to Miss Coleridge that a number of clever and eager girls were growing up who needed some intellectual stimulus. It was agreed to form a sort of society, and that 'Cousin Charlotte' should be the head. She chose the name 'Mother Goose to her Goslings.' Four questions were set every month, and the best set of answers travelled round; and there was also a manuscript magazine, *The Barnacle*. Miss Coleridge's account of this is delightful to those who realize what they would have given to be among those Goslings. Not only Miss Coleridge, but Miss Peard and Miss Florence

Wilford, who both became writers of stories, were among the Goslings, and many another whose name became known in other connections. In time the society became merged in 'Arachne and her Spiders' in the *Monthly Packet*.

Miss Coleridge tells us of a meeting of the Goslings and Mother Goose in Sir John Duke Coleridge's house in 1862. Miss Yonge at that time must have been strikingly handsome with her dark sparkling eyes and beautiful white hair. The portrait of her in the *Life*, from a photograph by Bassano, shows a face at once strong and sweet, with a good deal of resemblance to her father's.

Hopes and Fears came out in 1860. We think Miss Yonge must have grown fond of the family of Fulmorts, who are the heroes and heroines of what one might call the subsidiary plot of the story. The Fulmorts reappear more than once. There are really two stories in this novel, which cross and intercross, and there is an evident moral intended—the evils of idolatry in affection. The heroine who is supposed to illustrate this story is so sweet and lovable a creature in her youth that it is difficult to conceive her growing into the rather tiresome spinster she undoubtedly became. The naughty girl of the tale, Lucilla, is an illustration of the change which has come over our manners. One of Lucy's worst offences is a tour in company with a cousin—a girl verging on the thirties—in Ireland. The impropriety of what would nowadays be a perfectly commonplace journey is much insisted on. Lucy loses her lover, Robert Fulmort, and he devotes himself and his fortune to the building of church, schools, clergy-house, and

choir-school in a slum which the distillery owned by his father and elder brother had not improved. Perhaps the newly-built S. Barnabas', Pimlico, suggested this idea; or All Saints', Margaret Street: for there were springing up in London at that time those wonderful churches which did so much, and are doing so much, to spread the Faith whole and undefiled. S. Barnabas', Pimlico; All Saints', Margaret Street; S. Peter's, London Docks; S. Alban's, Holborn; Christ Church, Albany Street; S. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square—all these were comparatively new in these early sixties, and more than once we find them mentioned in the *Monthly Packet*, or allusions to them in Miss Yonge's stories. The great Sisterhoods were in their very early beginnings, and we shall see how the idea of the Religious Life was welcomed by her. Accounts of their work, and allusions to them, are found in the same way.

To return to *Hopes and Fears*, which is perhaps the least attractive of those stories of modern life which we should group in a second class. To the first belong *The Heir of Redclyffe*, *Heartsease*, and *The Daisy Chain*. In the second we should put *Dynevor Terrace*, *Hopes and Fears*, *The Young Stepmother*, and *The Clever Woman of the Family*. *The Young Stepmother* is to our thinking a far better story than *Hopes and Fears*. No less a person than Tennyson read it with pleasure, and the Guizot family liked it much.

Tennyson is described by Mr. Palgrave as reading in bed one of Miss Yonge's deservedly popular tales, wherein a leading element is the deferred Confirmation of a grown-up person. 'On Tennyson read till

I heard him cry with satisfaction, "I see land! Mr. —— is just going to be confirmed," after which darkness and slumber.'

The Confirmation was not really one of the chief events of the story, but evidently Miss Yonge thought it might provoke comment. She writes to Miss Barnett: 'Tell me what people say to Mr. Kendal's Confirmation. I want to know how it strikes the world.'

Albinia Kendal, the stepmother, is one of the most absolutely delightful women of all Miss Yonge's heroines, and although her stepchildren are each in his or her different way most horrid little specimens, they are very cleverly drawn and developed. The Crimean War comes into this story, and the description of the death of Gilbert, Albinia's only stepson, is as pathetic and vivid a bit of writing as Miss Yonge ever produced.

Albinia's own child, Maurice, is as natural and naughty as could be wished, and there are pleasant sketches of slighter characters, and some rather good and satirical descriptions of the humours of a country town.

Another charming story reprinted from the *Magazine for the Young* appeared in book form in 1861—*The Stokesley Secret.* The family described therein, the Merrifields, reappears very often, and Hal, the very naughty boy of the story, comes to a bad end, as is set forth in a later book, where he is made almost to marry the scapegrace girl of *The Pillars of the House.* She just escapes this fate.

The Merrifields are excellently described, and come out as photographic representations of the

generally worthy and nearly always dull English county family. It is really quite sad that the Merrifields were allowed to fall off as they grew old. Those of them who are respectable—and there is only one who is not—become so dull, so limited and Philistine, that we wish Miss Yonge had left them where they were at the end of *The Stokesley Secret.*

Miss Yonge's letters are full of allusion to the books she was reading; in one she writes:

> 'We have just finished *Dr. Livingstone*, noble man that he is; all that one can wish is that he knew what the Church meant. The grand simplicity of his courage and endurance is most magnificent. I am sure England has not come to degeneracy yet.'

The Trial ran through the *Monthly Packet* of 1863 and 1864, and came out in book form at once. The manuscript relating to Leonard Ward's prison life was the last Miss Yonge ever submitted to Mr. Keble, and she tells us how he made her soften the details of the effect on the mind of prison life.

Of this book Mr. Henry Sidgwick says, in a letter to Mr. Roden Noel:

> 'There is a new story by the authoress of *The Heir of Redclyffe* which I have read with all my old enthusiasm. I thought it was quite gone off, but I can't get *The Trial* out of my head. Did you ever read *Madame Bovary*, a French novel by Flaubert? It is very powerful, and Miss Yonge reminds me of it by force of contrast. It describes how the terrible ennui of mean French rural

domestic life drags down the soul of an ambitious woman, whereas Miss Yonge makes one feel how full of interest the narrowest sphere of life is.

'I think her religion is charming, and it mellows with age; the *âpre* Puseyism wears off.'*

Certainly, Dr. May and 'le docteur Bovary' have not a great deal in common.

One wonders where '*âpre* Puseyism' comes out. Perhaps in *The Two Guardians*, where one guardian of a youthful owner of an estate disputes with his co-trustee as to the possibility of letting a farm to a Dissenter; or perhaps in the earliest of all the stories, where we saw that attendance at a Mechanics' Institute was esteemed a gross impropriety.

The Trial brings before us most of our old friends of *The Daisy Chain*. Dr. May is as admirable as ever, mellowed of course, but just as charming and headlong, and the little jars between him and Tom, and their gradual drawing together, are very clever bits of character study.

The tragedy is well conceived, and Leonard is very *living;* we are most thankful he is allowed to go on his way in peace and become a missionary in the South Sea Islands, and is not sent home again in a later book. He is just mentioned in *The Pillars of the House*, and he does appear for a moment in her last book. It is in *The Trial*, we think, Miss Yonge first mentions Sisters of Mercy; two come to the rescue of Stoneborough during a scarlet fever epidemic. They were brought by Dr. May's dear friend, Dr. Spencer, another admirably described physician,

* *Life of Henry Sidgwick*, p. 109.

quite distinct from, and absolutely unlike, Dr. May, just a little bit ahead of him in Church views and scientific knowledge alike.

Some of the readers of the story seem to have been very odd people. Miss Yonge writes:

> 'I find most people grumble at Leonard's not being hung' [most of us would never have forgiven her if she had allowed him to be executed], 'but I mean to make much more of him.'

Ethel is our Ethel, only at twenty-nine she seems very much the middle-aged spinster, which she would not be now. There is a very pretty, delicately-told romance concerning Ethel: Leonard Ward has an adoration for her, absolutely of the chivalrous kind. What she teaches him in the many readings and discussions which she, her young brother Aubrey, and Leonard shared in the course of a long summer holiday which they spent together, was his stay during the awful time of his trial and three years' imprisonment.

It is to her that he owes his missionary aspirations, which are strangely fulfilled when he comes out, his innocence established and all his life before him, for he was only eighteen when his life seemed to be wrecked. The boys and Ethel have read *Marmion* together in that holiday, and on his return to freedom Ethel could not help repeating the long-treasured lines: 'And, Leonard,

> '"... grieve not for thy woes,
> Disgrace and trouble;
> For He who honour best bestows
> Shall give thee double."'

'"I've never ceased to be glad you read *Marmion* with me," he hastily said, as they turned into church on hearing a clattering of choristers behind him.

'Clara might have had such sensations when she bound the spurs on her knight's heels; yet even she could hardly have had so pure, unselfish, and exquisite a joy as Ethel's, in receiving the pupil who had been in a far different school from hers.

'The grey dawn through the bloom, the depths of shadow in the twilight church, softening and rendering all more solemn and mysterious, were more in accordance than bright and beamy sunshine with her subdued, grave thankfulness; and there was something suitable in the fewness of the congregation that had gathered in the Lady Chapel—so few that there was no room for shyness either in or for him who was again taking his place there, with steady, composed demeanour, its stillness concealing so much.

'Ethel had reckoned on the verse, "That He might hear the mournings of such as are in captivity, and deliver the children appointed unto death." But she had not reckoned on its falling on her ears in the deep, full-toned, melodious bass that came in, giving body to the young notes of the choristers—a voice so altered and mellowed since she last had heard it, that it made her look across in doubt, and recognize, in the uplifted face, that here indeed the freed captive was at home and lifted above himself.

'When the clause, in the Litany, for all prisoners

and captives brought to her the thrill that she had only to look up to see the fulfilment of many and many a prayer for one captive, for once she did not hear the response, only saw the bent head, as though there were thoughts that went too deep to find voice."

Miss Yonge writes to a daughter of Dean Butler:

'A sort of notion of locating a story at Market Stoneborough had made us look up the Mays and find out what they are doing now.

'Blanche and Hector are just married, and Aubrey, having proved too delicate for Eton, is Ethel's faithful pupil still, and Flora's house is very well managed, but so stupid, and Mary is married to a clergyman.

'I have changed the cart accident into Dickie tumbling off the Minster tower on the roof, when he slid down on a skylight and stuck, till Leonard got him down and stopped the bleeding from a terrible cut in the leg.'

Later on, when Leonard's plans are matured, and they are speaking of Dickie, Norman May's boy, whose life Leonard has saved, Ethel says:

'"Ah, papa is always telling him that they can't get on in New Zealand for want of a small archdeacon, and that, I really think, abashes him more than anything else."

'"He is not forward—he is only sensible," said Leonard, on whose heart Dickie had far too fast a hold for even this slight disparagement not to be rebutted. "I had forgotten what a child could be

till I was with him; I felt like a stock or a stone among you all."

'Ethel smiled. "I was nearly giving you *Marmion*, in remembrance of old times on the night of the Christmas-tree," she said; "but I did not feel as if the 'giving double' for all your care and trouble had begun."

'"The heart to feel it so was not come," said Leonard. "Now, since I have grasped this hope of making known to others the way to that grace that held me up"—he paused with excess of feeling—'all has been joy, even in the recollection of the darkest days. Mr. Wilmot's words come back now, that it may all have been training for my Master's work. Even the manual labour may have been my preparation." His eyes brightened, and he was, indeed, more like the eager, hopeful youth she remembered than she had ever hoped to see him; but this brightness was the flash of steel, tried, strengthened, and refined in the fire—a brightness that might well be trusted.

'"One knew it must be so," was all she could say.

'"Yes, yes," he said eagerly. "You sent me words of greeting that held up my faith; and, above all, when we read those books at Coombe, you put the key of comfort in my hand, and I never quite lost it. Miss May," he added, as Dr. May's latchkey was heard in the front door, "if ever I come to any good, I owe it to you."

'And that was the result of the boy's romance.'

The Trial, which many of us love with a good deal of the love we gave to the *Heir* and to *The Daisy*

Chain, brings out how ideal, how beautiful, are the relations between Dr. May and Ethel. Nowhere in fiction is that relation of widowed father and the special home daughter more winningly described. We know Dr. May must be with his wife and Margaret now, and we can only hope Ethelred has joined them, for we cannot picture her without her father.

The Clever Woman of the Family came out in 1865 as a book; it did not run through the *Packet*. This is, in our judgment, almost Miss Yonge's cleverest book; not the most charming by any means, but distinctly able and amusing. She betrays more humour in this than in any other book. The poor clever woman, Rachel, is not at all clever in reality, in some ways extraordinarily stupid, and Miss Yonge has been quite merciless in showing up all her follies and her abrupt, disagreeable manner. Side by side is the charming, the really gifted woman Ermine; in fact, the book is not an attack on clever women or writing women, or women who do anything at all worth doing, but on presumption, overmuch talk, and silly contempt for authority. The story is not at all an attempt to prove that women were never to venture out of the beaten tracks.

Lady Temple, the youthful widow and mother of seven unruly children, at the mature age of twenty-five was supposed to be absolutely helpless, and her cousin Rachel determines to be her good angel and manage her boys for her. The boys are perfectly docile and obedient with their mother, and hopelessly naughty with Rachel; then the Clever Woman falls in with one Mauleverer, who leads her to believe he has been prevented by intellectual scruples from

taking Orders. The way in which Rachel flies to conclusions, and the way Mauleverer leads her on, are most cleverly shown up. Rachel, who is an heiress, is much harassed by the evils of lace-making, and is led into setting up a home for some orphans in an adjacent town, where, instead of lace-making, they are taught wood-engraving; they are put under the charge of a widow whom Mauleverer introduces to Rachel, and in due time produce two woodcuts.

> 'They were entitled "The Free Maids that weave their Thread with Bones," and one called "The Ideal" represented a latticed cottage window, with roses, honeysuckles, cat, beehives, and all conventional rural delights, around a pretty maiden singing at her lace pillow; while the other, yclept "The Real," showed a den of thin, wizened, half-starved girls, cramped over their cushions in a lace school. The design was Mr. Mauleverer's, the execution the children's; and, neatly mounted on cards, the performance did them great credit.'

When Rachel shows the woodcuts to some friends, a certain Captain Keith throws doubt on their being woodcuts at all, and promises, if he cannot prove his words, to subscribe to the enterprise. A few days later he succeeds.

Lady Temple, who is supposed to be so timid and helpless, makes a raid on the home, and finds that the children, whom she contrives to see alone, are starved and beaten and made to work at lace-making 'more than ever we did at home, day and night; and if we don't she takes the stick.'

Lady Temple carries off the two children; one is sickening with diphtheria, which she communicates to the Temple boys and to Rachel.

Mauleverer and the widow are both tried at the assizes, but poor Rachel, as a friend remarks, 'has managed so sweetly that they might just as well try her as him for obtaining money on false pretences; and the man seems to have been wonderfully sharp in avoiding committing himself.'

The widow, who turns out to be no widow at all, and whose child is Mauleverer's, is sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but Mauleverer has to be acquitted. Fortunately, he has been recognized as one Maddox, who has committed frauds, the story of which is another part of this history, so he does not escape; and Rachel, after suffering intensely in body and mind, marries, to the unbounded astonishment of everyone, Captain Keith, whom in early days she had taken to task for lack of a belief in heroism, and to whom she had narrated his own exploit at the siege of Delhi, as it had been told her without any name being given. She adds that the hero was killed. She does not discover her mistake for a long time.

There is much more in the book which is most delightful: the story of the faithful love of Colonel Keith and the *real* Clever Woman, Ermine Williams. There is another of Miss Yonge's worldly women, Bessie Keith, Captain Keith's sister. She is much more convincing than most of these unworthy persons, and much more deserving of blame; in fact, she is very ably described. For absolute cleverness, for variety of character and clever talk, the book stands out among all Miss Yonge's tales, and is far ahead of

any, except perhaps the stories we have named as belonging to the first class.

There is an allusion to it in one of her letters to Miss Barnett:

> 'I have been entreated to send Dr. May to cure her [Ermine, the lame heroine], but I think that would be past even his capacities!
>
> 'There is no heart-breaking about him [the Colonel]; with Rachel, she had made up her mind to immolate her affections at the shrine of her asylum before she found out that she was in no danger. Now I believe in her.'

JOHN KEBLE.

After the painting by G. Richmond.

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CHAPTER VII

MR. KEBLE'S DEATH—THE HISTORICAL TALES—BISHOP PATTESON

(1866—1874)

In the early spring of 1866 Mr. Keble died, and his wife followed him in forty days.

To Miss Yonge this must have been one of the great sorrows of her life, but in all she says of it there is the note of thankfulness.

> 'It was the one bright, beautiful day of a cold, wet spring, and the celandines spread and glistened like stars round the grave where we laid him, and bade him our last "God be with you" with the 23rd Psalm, and went home, hoping that he would not blame us for irreverence for thinking of him in words applied to the first saint who bore his name: "He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."'

It is hardly possible to dwell too much on what the blank in her life must have been. Her mother's health also began to fail, and these must have been sad years. Mrs. Yonge died in 1868, and Charlotte was alone; the widowhood of the unmarried woman,

of which she speaks in *Hopes and Fears*, came on her, but she was brave and unselfish, and began her work again.

To this period belong her three chief historical stories—*The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, *The Caged Lion*. The first of these is on a very high level indeed, and the *Chaplet* hardly less so. The story of the burgher maiden, Christina Sorel, carried off by her father, who was in the pay of a lawless German Baron, to tend the sickly little daughter of the Baron, is a lovely idyll. Christina has been brought up by her uncle, a wealthy citizen and skilled carver of Ulm, and she is refined and cultivated to an uncommon degree. She appears among the rough inhabitants of the castle as something beyond their ken, and she manages to bring the poor little sickly maiden to grasp the meaning of the simple truths Christina taught her.

Christina fancied that when the snow melted, Ermentrude's soul would pass away. And so it came to pass. The young Baron is prevailed on to fetch a priest, for, as the elder Baron has been excommunicated, a priest is seldom seen in the castle.

> 'On the white masses of vapour that floated on the opposite side of the mountain was traced a gigantic shadowy outline of a hermit, with head bent eagerly forward and arm outstretched.
>
> 'The monk crossed himself. Eberhard stood still for a moment, and then said hoarsely: "The Blessed Friedmund! He is come for her"; then strode on towards the postern gate, followed by Brother Norbert, a good deal reassured.'

But Christina is loved by the young Baron, and in time he wins her to be his wife. He is supposed to have been killed in a skirmish, and Christina is left with twin boys and the Baron's fierce old mother, who dies in a few years. The story of the upbringing of the boys, of their visit to Ulm, of the hero of romance, Maximilian, and, finally, of the death of Friedel, the younger twin, in a skirmish, is perfect. Friedel comes to give water to the foe of their household, Schlangenwald, and the Count tells him that his father is a Turkish slave, and shoots Friedel. Ebbo, the elder boy, is left, and suddenly his father returns. He had been really taken prisoner by the hereditary foe, and sold to the Turks. After many adventures he had been ransomed, and returned to find his one surviving son a gallant knight, in the service and obedience of the Emperor, no longer the marauding Baron he himself had been. He refuses to resume his former state, asking only for a quiet corner in which to 'save his soul.' 'It was plain that Sir Eberhard had learnt more Christianity in the hold of his Moorish pirate-ship than ever in the Holy Roman Empire'—long ago he had vowed never to return to a life of violence—and the story ends with an epilogue, showing us Ebbo in his later life. Miss Yonge could not resist making him embrace, to some extent, the reformed doctrine, and thereby fall into disgrace with Charles V. It is a beautiful book, to which this short account does no justice. The story of the twin brothers and their love, and of Friedel's death, is of all her stories the most touched with poetic grace. When the foe of their house has fallen and Friedel is mortally wounded, Ebbo only

severely hurt, the brothers must needs be separated.

'This sentence brought the first cloud of grief or dread to Friedel's brow, but only for a moment. He looked at his brother, who had again fainted at the first touch of his wounded limb, and said: "It is well. Tell the dear Ebbo that I cannot help it if, after all, I go to the praying and leave him the fighting. Dear, dear Ebbo! One day together again and for ever! I leave thee for thine own sake." With much effort he signed the cross again on his brother's brow, and kissed it long and fervently. Then, as all stood round, reluctant to effect this severance, or disturb one on whom death was visibly fast approaching, he struggled up on his elbow, and held out the other hand, saying: "Take me now, Heinz, ere Ebbo revive to be grieved. The last sacrifice," he further whispered, whilst almost giving himself to Heinz and Moritz to be carried to his own bed in the turret chamber.

'There, even as they laid him down, began what seemed to be the mortal agony, and, though he was scarcely sensible, his mother felt that her prime call was to him, while his brother was in other hands. Perhaps it was well for her. Surgical practice was rough, and wounds made by firearms were thought to have imbibed a poison that made treatment to be supposed efficacious in proportion to the pain inflicted. When Ebbo was recalled by the torture to see no white reflection of his own face on the pillow beside him, and to feel in vain for the grasp of the cold, damp hand, a delirious frenzy

seized him, and his struggles were frustrating the doctor's attempts, when a low, soft, sweet song stole through the open door.

'"Friedel!" he murmured, and held his breath to listen. All through the declining day did the gentle sound continue—now of grand chants or hymns caught from the cathedral choir, now of songs of chivalry or saintly legend so often sung over the evening fire, the one flowing into the other in the wandering of failing powers, but never failing in the tender sweetness that had distinguished Friedel through life. And whenever that voice was heard, let them do to him what they would, Ebbo was still absorbed in intense listening so as not to lose a note, and lulled almost out of sense of suffering by that swan-like music. If his attendants made such noise as to break in on it, or if it ceased for a moment, the anguish returned, but was charmed away by the weakest, faintest resumption of the song. Probably Friedel knew not, with any earthly sense, what he was doing, but to the very last he was serving his twin brother as none other could have aided him in his need.

'The September sun had set, twilight was coming on, the doctor had worked his stern will, and Ebbo, quivering in every fibre, lay spent on his pillow, when his mother glided in and took her seat near him, though where she hoped he would not notice her presence. But he raised his eyelids, and said, "He is not singing now."

'"Singing indeed, but where we cannot hear him," she answered. "'Whiter than the snow,

clearer than the ice-cave, more solemn than the choir. They will come at last.' That was what he said, even as he entered there." And the low dove-like tone and tender calm face continued upon Ebbo the spell that the chant had left. He dozed as though still lulled by its echo.'

This is one story which surely need never grow old-fashioned.

The Chaplet of Pearls is hardly less excellent. In it we are given a romantic story which is laid in the period of the St. Bartholomew massacre. The present writer well remembers Dr. Bright, the eminent Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, pointing out the great literary merit of the account of the dying hours of Charles IX. We will quote it:

'The surgeon said, "You have seen a sad sight, Monsieur le Baron: I need not bid you to be discreet."

'"There are some things that go too deep for speech," sighed the almost English Berenger; then, after a pause, "Is there no hope for him? Is he indeed dying?"

'"Without a miracle, he cannot live a month. He is as truly slain by the St. Bartholomew as ever its martyrs were," said Paré, moved out of his usual cautious reserve towards one who had seen so much and felt so truly. "I tell you, sir, that his mother hath as truly slain her sons, as if she had sent René there to them with his drugs. According as they have consciences and hearts, so they pine and perish under her rule."

'Berenger shuddered, and almost sobbed. "And hath he no better hope, no comforter?" he asked.

'"None save good old Flipote. As you heard, the Queen-mother will not suffer his own Church to speak to him in her true voice. No confessor but one chosen by the Cardinal of Lorraine may come near him, and with him all is mere ceremony. But if at the last he opens his ear and heart to take in the true hope of salvation, it will be from the voice of poor old Philippine."

'And so it was! It was Philippine who heard him in the night sobbing over the piteous words, "My God, what horrors, what blood!" and, as she took from him his tear-drenched handkerchief, spoke to him of the Blood that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel; and it was she who, in his final agony, heard and treasured these last words, "If the Lord Jesus will indeed receive me into the company of the blest!" Surely, never was repentance deeper than that of Charles IX., and these, his parting words, were such as to inspire the trust that it was not remorse.'

Miss Yonge in this book grasped the spirit to some extent, at any rate, of this period. We do recognize Charles IX. and Catherine de' Medici and the great Henry, and the portrait of the old Huguenot minister, who proved such a father in need to the hapless heroine. The description of the Court of the Duchesse de Quinet, with all its Huguenot stiffness and real goodness, is very good indeed.

The Caged Lion, a story of James I. of Scotland, introduces us to Henry V. of England, and gives us

a vivid picture of the King and of his brother Bedford, of the illness of Henry, of the Flemish Court. There is a saintly heroine, and another weak hero, Malcolm, who grows to be a saint. It is an interesting story, and sheds light on several not very familiar bits of history. Malcolm after James I.'s murder goes to Jerusalem. He returns to die, and is tended on his death-bed by his first and only love, Esclairmonde, now a holy nun.

'"Sister," he said, "the morn that I had offered my ring, I was feeble and faint; and when I knelt on before the altar in continued prayer—I know not whether I slept or whether it were a vision, but it was to me as though I were again on the river, and again the hymn of Bernard of Morlaix was sung around and above me by the voice I never thought to hear again. I looked up, and behold it was I that was in the boat—my King was there no more. Nay, he stood on the shore, and his eyes beamed on me; while the ghastly wounds that I once strove in anguish to staunch shone out like a ruby cross on his breast—the hands, that were so sorely gashed, were to me as though marked by the impress of the Sacred Wounds. He spake not; but by his side stood King Henry, beautiful and spirit-like, and smiled on me, and seemed as though he pointed to the wounds as he said, 'Blessed is the King who died by his people's hand, for withstanding his people's sin! Blessed is every faint image of the true King!'

'"Then methought they held out their arms to me, and I would have come to them on their shore

of rest, but the river bore me away—and I looked up, to find I was as yet only in the earthly Jerusalem; but I watch for them every hour, to call me once and for ever."'

These are the three most important historical stories. Perhaps the critic will say Miss Yonge has idealized everything too much, but nevertheless there is a true ring about them. We do seem to *see* the places and people she describes, and, daring as it will seem to be to make such a statement, *The Chaplet of Pearls* is not an unworthy companion to Mr. Benson's *By What Authority?* and might recall what that delightful book ignores, the St. Bartholomew and the general state of religion in France.

To *The Chaplet of Pearls* Miss Yonge wrote in later years a sequel which first appeared in the *Monthly Packet—Stray Pearls.* It is not nearly so interesting as the *Chaplet*, but has capital descriptions of the Fronde, of French society at that period, and of the misery of the French peasant.

A final sequel, *The Release*, which dealt with the French Revolution, was not nearly so good, and does not seem to us to have caught the spirit of the time. It was one of Miss Yonge's last and least able books.

Miss Yonge worked a good deal at history. She was always writing the 'Cameos' for the *Packet*, and some years before this she had written one of her most delightful little books, which should not be allowed to pass into the heap of forgotten things, *A Book of Golden Deeds.* She says:

'It is rather intended as a treasury for young people, where they may find minuter particulars than their abridged histories usually afford of the soul-stirring deeds that give life and glory to the record of events, and where, also, other like actions, out of their ordinary course of reading, may be placed before them, in the trust that example may inspire the spirit of heroism and self-devotion. For surely it must be a wholesome contemplation to look on actions the very essence of which is such entire absorption in others that self is not so much renounced as forgotten; the object of which is not to win promotion, wealth, or success, but simple duty, mercy, and loving-kindness. These are the actions wrought, "hoping for nothing again," but which must surely have their reward.

'At some risk of prolixity, enough of the surrounding events have in general been given to make the situation comprehensible, even without knowledge of the general history. This has been done in the hope that these extracts may serve as a mother's storehouse for reading aloud to her boys, or that they may be found useful for short readings to the intelligent, though uneducated, classes.'

We cannot even among the store of new books with lovely illustrations find a better book than this, and there is so much in it which is quite unfamiliar.

Another excellent book is the one called *A Book of Worthies*. In it she tells the story of thirteen great champions, beginning with Joshua and ending with Julius Cæsar.

'In old times,' she says in her preface, 'when brave men had little time to read, and fewer books, they still kept clusters of glorious examples gathered from all times to light them on the way to deeds of virtue.

'Such were the Seven Champions of Christendom; the Dozipairs, or Twelve Peers of France; the Seven Wise Masters; and, above all, the Nine Worthies. These nine were, three from Israel, namely, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; three from Heathenesse, to wit, Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; and three from Christendom, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey de Bouillon.'

Miss Yonge points out that our judgment of what constitutes worthies may differ a little from the old compiler of the first nine, but 'he has selected the noblest instances he knew of great, good, and true men and "happy warriors," and, so far as we may, we follow his guidance in our choice.'

The History of Christian Names is a book which strikes one with awe. It is full of information, and represents an extraordinary amount of work. Very likely it abounds in errors, for philology has had many new lights shed on it since her day; but it also abounds in curious, out-of-the-way facts. Here is one:

'It is a more curious fact . . . that Hannibal has always been a favourite [name] with the peasantry of Cornwall. From the first dawn of parish registers Hannyball is of constant occurrence, much too early even in that intelligent county to be a mere gleaning from books; and the

West Country surname of Honeyball must surely be from the same source. A few other Eastern names, though none as frequent or as clearly traced as the present, have remained in use in this remote county, and ought to be allowed due weight in favour of the supposed influence of the Phœnician traders over the races that supplied them with tin and lead.'

Or take this account of Richard (the name):

'Richard, or Richardet, was one of the Quatre Fils d'Agmon, who, according to one version, was the person who gave the fatal blow with the chess-board instead of Renaud.* He is not a very interesting personage, being rather the attendant knight than the prime hero; the rescued, not the rescuer; but under his Italian name of Ricciardetto he has a whole poem to himself written by a secretary of the Propaganda. . . . It was not to this Paladin that its name owed its frequency, but to Richard, or stern King, an Anglo-Saxon monarch of Kent, who left his throne to become a monk of Lucca, and was there said to have wrought miracles.'

These quotations will give some notion of the wealth of stories contained in the two volumes of *The History of Christian Names.*

Miss Yonge wrote a great number of short stories, and one, *New Ground*, deals with the adventures of

* Renaud was the hero of an old French romance called *Les Quatre Fils Aimon.* He was insulted while playing at chess, and replied by dashing out his enemy's brains with the board.

a clergyman and his family in Kaffirland somewhere in the sixties. There are very clever sketches of character in this tiny book. There is the quiet, devoted girl, ready to go or stay, as seems best, and who goes, and lays down her life for the work's sake; and there is a sentimental girl, full of talk, and aspirations, and eagerness, who breaks down utterly, while a rather dull sister, who hates leaving home, develops into one of the best of workers. We wonder if this story is still sometimes read at Mission working-parties. It certainly would be very wholesome reading, especially the account of the breakdown of the girl who wanted to teach natives, and who grumbled that it did not seem worth while to have come out just to do housemaid's work and teach tiresome white children not half so nice as she could find in the village school at home . . . and as for the natives . . . 'it is a mere delusion to think that their coming all greasy and horrid into our huts to paw everything and say "wow" is teaching them to be Christians. Not that I am complaining,' etc.

Foreign Mission work was very much in Miss Yonge's mind at that time, for in 1871 appeared *Pioneers and Founders*, a book of studies of the lives of some missionaries. Before this she had written *The Pupils of St. John the Divine*. Neither of these books should be forgotten, for there is really no successor to either, and the ignorance of Church-people about the successors of the Apostles and about the Mission work of the Church is often most profound. These books were leading up to her chief contribution to Mission literature, the *Life of John Coleridge Patteson*.

This is a fascinating biography. Many of us well remember the two large volumes, which was the first form in which it appeared, and realize how they made us, for the first time, know something of the reality of the Divine call to the Church, something of the extraordinary romance and beauty of true self-devotion.

'It was embalming a saint of the Church,' she said; and truly no more true and loyal son of the Church has ever gone forth to the Mission work than Bishop Patteson.

Indeed, those who read the book will say she has been allowed to do what she hoped—

> 'to succeed in my earnest hope and endeavour to bring the statue out of the block, and, as it were, to carve the figure of the saint for his niche among those who have given themselves soul and body to God's work.'

Miss Yonge opens her book with a particularly fresh and interesting account of Mr. Justice Patteson, the Bishop's father, and of the habits and customs of legal circles in the early years of the nineteenth century. Both Mr. Justice Patteson and his wife, who was the sister of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, were very remarkable people.

Coleridge Patteson's boyhood, especially the Eton period, is delightfully described. Excepting one or two of the great biographies, we can hardly call to mind any life which deals so pleasantly with the story of the man's boyhood. Miss Yonge knew her Eton and her Oxford, and as, fortunately, Patteson's letters had been kept, the picture is very complete.

It is wonderful to read of the purpose of self-dedication, kindled apparently by two sermons—one preached by Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Wilberforce, and one by the recently-consecrated Bishop Selwyn. That purpose was never forgotten, and the boy's tutor, Mr. Edward Coleridge, was full of interest in missions. And Miss Yonge tells us how Bishop Selwyn, who was a friend of the Patteson family, half seriously, half playfully, asked: 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' The boy confided to his mother that he wished to go with the Bishop, and his mother replied that if he kept that wish she would consent.

His mother's death in 1842 made a very deep impression on Coleridge Patteson, and, as his biographer says, 'everything sank deeply.' He certainly was most fortunate in his father, whose letter to him on his failure to attain a place in the Select at the examination for the Newcastle Scholarship shows an ideal relationship between father and son. Sir John Taylor Coleridge said of Judge Patteson that he was a man of singularly strong common sense, and this letter shows it. He is so reasonable about his disappointment. The whole picture of Eton life is very interesting, including a description of Windsor Fair. Then came days at Balliol, and mention of various friends whose names became well known in after-years. Edwin Palmer, afterwards Archdeacon of Oxford, and his brother-in-law, Mr. James Riddell, so early lost to Oxford and to Balliol, were of these.

Patteson was an enthusiastic cricketer, and Miss Yonge tells a story of a Professional coming to him

in Melbourne years after he had left Oxford, and begging him to give him a meeting at 5 a.m., and let the Professional bowl him a few balls!

The account of Patteson's Oxford life is as good as that of Eton. There is a sketch of 'Coley as an Undergraduate' by Principal Shairp, which speaks of Patteson as

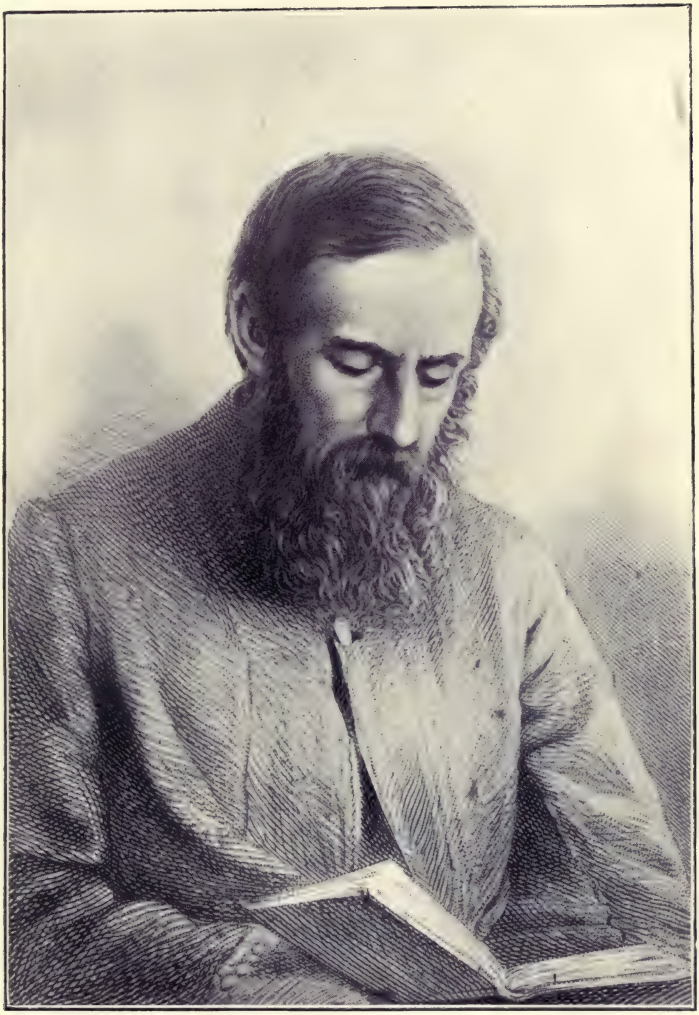
> 'the representative of the very best kind of Etonian . . . those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and the world which are the inheritance of Eton, without the least tincture of worldliness.'

It is difficult not to linger over these charming pages describing Patteson as a layman; amongst other matters, the story of his father's resignation of his post as Judge on account of deafness, and the high-minded and simple way in which his resignation was carried out. Miss Yonge might well say that the Judge 'had done that which is, perhaps, the best thing that it is permitted to man to do here below —namely, "served God in his generation."'

Patteson was elected a Fellow of Merton in 1852,* and devoted some time to the study of Hebrew and Arabic in Dresden. We wish Miss Yonge had told us who was the famous theologian to whom Mr. Arthur Coleridge, who was Patteson's companion, refers in a letter. It is wonderful to read of Patteson's taste for, and acquirements in, the study of languages, of philology, and to see how very soon he relinquished all intellectual delights.

In 1853 he was ordained to the curacy at Alfington,

* He retained his Fellowship until his death.



BISHOP PATTESON.

From a sketch kindly lent by the Melanesian Mission.

To face page 118.

a hamlet of Ottery St. Mary, where a church had been built by Sir John Taylor Coleridge.

These chapters which tell us of Patteson's diaconate—his early ministry—are still very well worth reading. He pours himself out to his father about all his difficulties and perplexities. He had a peculiarly happy time, and his sister writes: 'The impression he has made is really extraordinary.'

And then comes the story of the sacrifice. And, again, this should never be forgotten, for it gives the picture of an ideal parental surrender. Bishop Selwyn came to stay at the Judge's house, Feniton Court, in 1854, and after a talk with him Coley went to his sister and told her that the Bishop knew of his wish.

> '"You ought to put it to my father, that he may decide it," she answered. "He is so great a man that he ought not to be deprived of the crown of Sacrifice if he be willing to make it."'

'The crown of Sacrifice.' How few of us could speak in this way about the giving up of a brother!

> 'So Coley repaired to his father and confessed his long-cherished wish, and how it had come forth to the Bishop. Sir John was manifestly startled, but at once said: "You have done quite right to speak to me, and not to wait. It is my first impulse to say No, but that would be very selfish."
>
> 'Coley explained that he was "driven to speak"; he declared himself not dissatisfied with his present position, nor, he hoped, impatient. If his staying at home were decided upon, he would cheerfully

work on there without disappointment or imagining his wishes thwarted. He would leave the decision entirely in the hands of his father and the Bishop.

'Luncheon brought the whole family together, and Sir John, making room for his younger daughter beside him, said: "Fan, did you know this about Coley?"

'She answered that she had some idea, but no more could pass till the meal was ended, when her father went into another room, and she followed him. The great grief broke out in the exclamation, "I can't let him go"; but even as the words were uttered they were caught back, as it were, with "God forbid I should stop him!"

'The subject could not be pursued, for the Bishop was public property among the friends and neighbours, and the rest of the day was bestowed upon them. He preached on the Sunday at Alfington, where the people thronged to hear him, little thinking of the consequences of his visit.

'Not till afterwards were the Bishop and the father alone together, when Sir John brought the subject forward. The Bishop has since said that what struck him most was the calm balancing of arguments, like a true Christian Judge. Sir John spoke of the great comfort he had in this son, cut off as he was by his infirmity from so much of society, and enjoying the young man's coming in to talk about his work. He dwelt on all with entire absence of excitement, and added: "But there, what right have I to stand in his way? How do I know that I may live another year?"

'And as the conversation ended, "Mind!" he said, "I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me."

'That resolution was the cause of much peace of mind to both father and son.

'After family prayers that Sunday night, when all the rest had gone upstairs, the Bishop detained the young man, and told him the result of the conversation, then added: "Now, my dear Coley, having ascertained your own state of mind, and having spoken at length to your father and your family, I can no longer hesitate, as far as you recognize any power to call on my part, to invite you most distinctly to the work."

'The reply was full acceptance.

'Then, taking his hand, the Bishop said: "God bless you, my dear Coley! It is a great comfort to me to have you for a friend and companion."

'Such was the outward and such the inward vocation to the deacon now within a month of the priesthood. Was it not an evident call from Him by whom the whole Church is governed and sanctified? And surely the noble old man, who forced himself not to withhold "his son, his firstborn son," received his crown from Him who said: "With blessing I will bless thee."'

We have lingered over these early pages of the biography, for, as we have said, they are so wonderfully fresh, and give so delightful a description of Patteson's youth and of his family; the story of his work is full of interest, and he still pours himself

out to his beloved father, who lived to hear of him as admitted to the order of Bishops. The Judge died in 1861. Some time before his death he knew that his days were numbered, and his letters to his son and to Bishop Selwyn are just the letters we should have expected—brave and pious, and full of faith and joyful hope.

'His works do follow him,' writes Miss Yonge, and she goes on: 'We turn to that work of his son's in which assuredly he had his part, since one word of his would have turned aside the course that had brought such blessing on both, had he not accepted the summons, even as Zebedee, when he was left by the lake-side, while his sons became fishers of men.'

Miss Yonge writes to Miss F. Patteson:

'*July* 7, 1861.

'My dear Fanny,

'I thought it might be more comfortable to you not to hear from me till the great stress of letters was over at first, and so that I would wait to write till I could send the precious letters [Bishop Patteson's].* We took our turn the last, and so read them upon Friday, the very day one would have chosen above all others for it, the girding to the battle in that calm and self-devoted spirit seemed to chime in so perfectly with the resting from the labours. One in spirit as they always were, how much closer they may be to-

* Bishop Patteson had been consecrated on St. Matthias's Day, 1861.

gether now! And now your Sunday is passing fast away, and that return to daily life is coming that seems hardest of all when the external calm is over, and one seems no longer lifted into that higher and more real region, but beginning to find what the world is without the arm one has leant on so long.

'It is strange how the recurrence of scene or place brings this back as fresh as ever when one thinks one is used to it: the pang of not looking for the white head [of her father] in the stalls of the Cathedral was one of the first, and it was almost as overcoming to see the field-paths where we used to walk between churches on Sunday . . . and the not having him to meet me at the end of a journey; only that brought the thought, Would that face meet me in the real home when the journey is over? It is the first vexation and worry, the first loss, that is, after all, what comforts one most—when it is what would have been doubly felt for them, and one knows they are shielded and only gain by it.

'After your last note to me, I was sure your first feelings must be of the relief that the hard and long way to the grave was over, and rest had so gently begun, and this must be the abiding sense, even though the sore, sore missing must come, till the grief turns with time to solemn pleasure.

'After all, but for those beautiful letters, it is such a separation as that from your brother, and with no anxiety and suspense. Those letters do go home to one's heart; as Mrs. Keble said, one can hardly part from them; there is something in the

depth and simplicity of your brother's that ought to do one great good, and fills one with more reverence than I can say.

'His own feelings seem to me to absorb all the rest, and to be much the most precious part; but there certainly ought to be a description of the outward things put forth, and this could, I should think, be easily compiled from his and Mrs. Abraham's letters. I have done as you told me, and have put the bound *Daisy Chain* into Mrs. Biss' case [for New Zealand]. . . .

'You will be feeling the whole sorrow freshly both in thinking of the arrival of the letters in N. Zealand, and in watching for the answers; but I have hoped from the first that the tidings of the first alarm and then of the end would not be far apart, and that there would be no dreary watching for mails coming in. And, oh, what a comfort the talk to Mrs. Selwyn will be! Mrs. Keble wrote to her, but she could not come then, but hopes to manage it.'

One longs to quote Bishop Patteson's admirable letter to his tutor—on p. 341, vol. i.—Mr. Edward Coleridge, but those who already know Bishop Patteson's Life will remember it, and those who do not had better read it at once. Some sentences we must quote. He is speaking of his longing for men and what sort of men he needs—men of industry, men of religious common sense—and he says:

'Then, again, unless a man can dispense with what we ordinarily call comfort or luxuries to a

great extent, and knock about anywhere in Melanesian huts, he can hardly do much work in this mission. The climate is so warm that, to my mind, it quite supplies the place of the houses, clothing, and food of old days, yet a man cannot accommodate himself to it all at once. I don't say that it came naturally to me five years ago, as it does now, when I feel at home anywhere, and cease to think it odd to do things which, I suppose, you would think very extraordinary indeed.

'But most of all—for this makes all easy—men are wanted who really do desire in their hearts to live for God and the world to come, and who have really sought to sit very loosely to this world. The enjoyment, and the happiness, and the peace all come, and that abundantly; but there is a condition, and the first rub is a hard one, and lasts a good while.

'Naturally buoyant spirits, the gift of a merry heart, are a great help; for oftentimes a man may have to spend months without any white man within hundreds of miles, and it is very depressing to live alone in the midst of heathenism. But there must be many, many fellows pulling up to Surley to-night who may be well able to pull together with one on the Pacific—young fellows whose enthusiasm is not mere excitement of animal spirits, and whose pluck and courage are given them to stand the roughnesses (such as they are) of a missionary life. For, dear Uncle, if you ever talk to any old pupil of yours about the work, don't let him suppose that it is consistent with ease and absence of anxiety and work. When on

shore at Kohimarama, we live very cosily, as I think. Some might say we have no society, very simple fare, etc.; I don't think any man would really find it so. But in the islands, I don't wish to conceal from anyone that, measured by the rule of the English gentleman's household, there is a great difference. Why should it, however, be measured by this standard? I can truly say that we have hitherto always had what is necessary for health, and what does one need more? though I *like* more as much as anyone.'

Is this not just what we want to say to Etonians and other English boys nowadays?

There is one point in Bishop Patteson's career which is very remarkable. He left England in 1854, and he laid down his life in 1871. Never once did he return to his home and the sisters and brother he loved so well. Of course, since then voyages even to New Zealand and Melanesia are much less formidable affairs than they were in his time, but, still, it was very wonderful that he never gave himself the exceeding joy of going home.

Bishop Patteson's correspondents were exceedingly interesting people, and Miss Yonge's selection of letters is marked with great judgment. There are letters to Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly, as well as to his own large circle of relations, including Miss Yonge herself.

They reveal the character of the writer, and make us understand why he was so much loved. He had considerable mental powers, as we have seen, but far beyond all these were his extraordinary unselfish-

ness and powers of loving and hunger for souls. The Eton and Oxford man, the English gentleman, was indeed the follower of the 'Pastor Pastorum,' and few people can, we think, read his letters about his 'boys' without a pang of shame that Christian brotherhood has been realized as yet so little by Christians.

The story of his death is well known, and need not be repeated. Miss Yonge's simple narrative is worthy of the subject. May her book inspire not a few Etonians and Oxford men and Englishmen to follow in the steps of one of whom one of his own converts wrote: 'He did not despise anyone, nor reject anyone with scorn. Whether it were a white or a black person, he thought them all as one, and he loved them all alike.' As his biographer says, 'He loved them all alike.' 'That was the secret of John Coleridge Patteson's history and his labours. Need more be said of him? Surely the simple islander's summary of his character is the honour he would prefer?'

CHAPTER VIII

'THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE,' AND OTHER FAMILY CHRONICLES—CHANGES

(1873)

WHILE Miss Yonge was writing Bishop Patteson's Life, she was also busy with another long family chronicle, in some ways resembling *The Daisy Chain*.

The Pillars of the House began in the *Monthly Packet* in 1869, and ended in 1872. It was published in 1873. *The Pillars of the House* is linked in the present writer's mind with Bishop Patteson's Life, for a story was told to her by Miss Annie Moberly of Miss Yonge coming in to a meal after a morning's writing, and saying: 'I have had a dreadful day; I have killed the Bishop and Felix'—Felix being the hero of the *Pillars*.

By those of us who read it as it came out month after month, it is regarded with an affection which is, perhaps, inexplicable to those who only know it in two fat volumes with unpleasing illustrations—inexplicable, at least, to all who do not possess that peculiar cast of mind which enables them to join the circle of Miss Yonge's lovers. A lover of Miss Yonge is born, not made.

The dear *Pillars!* Even now one loves it best in

the pages of the *Packet*. It is the story of a disinherited family, the father of which is a priest. He is very soon worn out by hard work and trouble, and leaves his wife, in failing health, and thirteen children, the two youngest of them, twins, born on the day the father dies. And, by the way, to nurse that father came our old friend of the *Castle-Builders*, Lady Herbert Somerville, transformed into Sister Constance, of S. Faith's, Dearport. Lord Herbert is dead, but before his death he founded the community. The chronology is rather difficult.

The pillars of the house are Felix, the eldest boy, and Wilmet, the elder of twin sisters. The struggles of the pillars are narrated in a life-like manner. The family are as individual as possible, and before long we used to feel they were as real friends as any of the people we met day by day. Lance, the chorister, was our favourite, next to Felix, of the boys, and Geraldine, the lame girl who became an artist, of the girls. The schoolboys are as delicious as any Miss Yonge ever described. Can we ever forget Lance's famous run to fetch the verses which his scatter-brained friend, Bill Harewood, had left in the hollow of a tree, and which he only remembered a few minutes before they were to be shown up in an examination for a scholarship? Or the musical festival at the cathedral town where Lance is being educated, or the famous skating-party, at which Clement, the good boy of the family (who is being brought up in that S. Matthew's Choir School so well known to us who read *Hopes and Fears*), Clement the exemplary young Catholic, who thinks his family hopelessly old-fashioned and 'cathedrals

very slack,' is overcome by very mild potations, and comes home in a state ascribed by his innocent elder sister to mince-pies. His misery and shame and Felix's mild lecture are very good.

Wilmet's love-story and her betrothal to John Harewood, a Major in the Engineers, his accident in Egypt, and her marriage to him on what seemed likely to be his death-bed, but was not—how we delighted in all this and in seeing Wilmet subjugated, she who had ruled her subjects so firmly!

Miss Yonge fairly entangles her readers in this book with a network of old acquaintances: characters from the *Castle-Builders*, our friends of *The Daisy Chain*, Robert Fulmort from *Hopes and Fears*, Countess Kate herself, and the boy with whom she played at being Hermione descending to soft music, Lord Ernest de la Poer—all these appear. The inheritance, the lovely Vale Leston Priory, comes back to the Underwoods. How well we know the house! Miss Yonge drew a plan herself for us, and we saw it exactly. There was an exquisite church, and a river, the Ewe, to which an Underwood was supposed to pay due in every generation.

Vale Leston was delightful, and Felix turns into a model squire, restores Church property, and all his family are very happy; but we wish Miss Yonge had let us just see Felix restored, and had then dropped the curtain. Was it necessary to kill Felix? Could we not have pictured him living an honourable and happy life, perhaps with wife and children? The loves of Lance and Gertrude May—who, by the way, is the least attractive of all the May family

whenever and wherever she appears—are not very interesting, and we do wish Angela had not been made so very, very 'common' and disagreeable a young woman. Angela as a little girl was naughty, but she could never have become so horrid as Miss Yonge makes her out to have been.

However, Miss Yonge did kill Felix, and dispose of everybody more or less, and so made the *Pillars* inordinately lengthy. All the portion which deals with the family at Bexley, the nasty little town of potteries, is excellent and interesting; and the description of Felix, who, when his father was manifestly dying, insisted on becoming an assistant to a friendly bookseller, and his rise from this to the position of chief bookseller and Town Councillor and editor of a newspaper, is really admirable. For Miss Yonge had a deeply rooted sense of the value of gentle birth and breeding, of a public school education, of belonging to a county family. She makes Felix do everything which she herself would most thoroughly have disliked. And she shows what the sacrifice entailed. Yet how different was the lot of Felix in his town from that which would have befallen him, say, in some little French provincial town! Without in the least intending to preach, Miss Yonge shows us what the Church of England has done and does for England. Even in Bexley, Felix and his brothers were able to create interests for themselves through the choir and all the multifarious business which grows up around a parish church. Life was dull enough in Bexley, and the cravings of the artistic Geraldine for something beautiful are not ignored; but how much duller,

how much more circumscribed, how much less intellectual, would it have been without the parish church.

Felix, we believe, was Miss Yonge's favourite character. He is entirely good, yet perfectly natural; and he may not have been brilliant, but he was, as his biographer brings out, a very able and an excellent man of business, and yet, capable of a wide outlook, he could rise beyond the Bexley Town Council: he was a man of affairs.

Here again, we have a great deal about music. Felix, the scapegrace Edgar, Lance, Clement, were all musicians, and Lance was a bit of a genius. The family are more artistic, less intellectual, than the Mays; their chief interests are music and art, about which there is a great deal. The Underwoods are most of them good, and Felix becomes a veritable saint, but only one of the six brothers takes Orders. The book is a romance of very matter-of-fact drudgery, and Miss Yonge's feat is that she casts around Felix and Wilmet's heroic struggles an atmosphere of romance; she glorifies these sordid troubles. And although Felix does become a squire, yet he never becomes rich; the whole family continue, after their restoration, to live simple, hard-working lives.

Now, this was doing a real bit of work towards the establishment of the kingdom of God. Miss Yonge was probably a little bit afraid of what she heard of Christian Socialism in her later years, and if Felix had taken the bit in his teeth, and had become an ardent disciple of Kingsley and Maurice, his biographer would have sorely grieved. For what

Miss Coleridge says is surely true, that 'her characters often walked away from her.'

But in this book she tells of a boy of sixteen gallantly taking on himself the care of twelve brothers and sisters, abandoning any hopes of a University career, taking a post which was regarded in those days—1854—as a social descent, and living a pure and hard-working life; doing his very best, and winning for himself respect and a place as an honoured citizen.

There is no preaching at all; only the book is a glorification of honourable poverty. There is a writer of modern novels—a lady who has sneered more than once at Miss Yonge—who in one of her books holds up exactly the opposite ideal. Her hero was also a child of gentle birth, who was stricken by misfortune of a physical nature. The whole book is a glorification not only of gentle birth, but of the most material side of wealth and all that wealth brings—gorgeous houses, clothes, horses, even details as to the personal attendance of the hero's valets. The hero naturally became extraordinarily selfish, and has a terrific moral collapse, from which he recovers.

Which is the nobler ideal? Miss Yonge may be very circumscribed and limited, but she has a passion for goodness which ought to be remembered. Her ideal was that the people she cared for should use their circumstances, not allow those circumstances to be their ruin.

To us who read in our early teens of Felix's self-denial and of his brothers and sisters there came a sense of the dignity of poverty, of the glory of work,

of the impossibility that a gentleman could cease to be a gentleman, no matter what his work might be. And there grew on us also a sense that the Church was a great reality; that Felix's action when he came to his kingdom, in refusing to be a lay rector, was absolutely natural. Perhaps we were not the worse for this idealism.

Miss Yonge has been blamed for her love of old families and the value she set on birth and breeding, but she certainly can never be blamed for Mammon-worship.

This is the second of what we might call Miss Yonge's family chronicles, unless we count the little *Scenes and Characters* as one. The Mays are the first and the most generally known, and then come the Underwoods.

She wrote a few years later another long family chronicle, which never seems to have become very popular—*Magnum Bonum.* In it again she has a delightful doctor, who, however, dies almost at the beginning of the story, which recounts the fortunes of his widow and children. The said widow, Mother Carey, is one of Miss Yonge's most delightful and natural people; but the story as a whole is not so convincing, nor the characters always, excepting Mother Carey, quite so individual and alive as our old friends, and the episode of the lost will is wildly improbable. The book reflects the time in which it was written. She hints at the discomfort and discouragement which upset so many minds in the sixties and seventies; the modern spirit was not ignored at Otterbourne, and Miss Yonge had travelled a long way since she wrote *The Heir of Redclyffe.*

There was another family chronicle, *The Three Brides*, which came out in the *Packet* soon after the *Pillars* were finished, but we do not think many people would greatly care for it. The only funny episode is the extreme horror that the ordinary man of thirty years ago felt for any woman who spoke in public.

But we are anticipating a little.

In 1869 Miss Yonge paid a visit to France, and stayed with M. Guizot and his daughter, Mme. de Witt. Her letters, which are given in Miss Coleridge's *Life*, describing this visit, are most charming —the most delightful fresh descriptions of this glimpse into French life and of the Guizot family.

M. Guizot was rather an odd friend for Miss Yonge, but she seems to have enjoyed herself, and it is most sad that she never went abroad again; in fact, it is not only sad, but absolutely ridiculous. One cannot but feel angry that some friend or another did not compel her to spend a winter at Florence or at Rome. How good it would have been for her!

In 1869 her dearest cousin, Miss Anne Yonge, died very suddenly—a terrible and irreparable loss.

Then Mr. Bigg-Wither, who had been at Otterbourne for thirty-seven years, retired, and Miss Yonge had a new clergyman and a clergyman's wife to face, and it was impossible but that changes should come.

Miss Yonge supported her parish priest with unwavering loyalty, even under the trial of Government inspection of the schools, in which she had taught so long, and of which she was not unnaturally proud; and the little note of reminiscences con-

tributed by Mrs. Elgee, widow of Mr. Bigg-Wither's successor, is very touching. Miss Yonge wrote to Mr. Bigg-Wither every Sunday until his life ended.

Another change came into her life in 1873.

Miss Gertrude Walter, the sister of Mrs. Julian Yonge, came to live with her at Elderfield. Miss Walter seems to have been full of intellectual interests, and to have given Miss Yonge intense affection and much help. At the same time, her presence in the little house kept other people away, as there was absolutely no room for a guest; and as she became a complete invalid, much anxiety and fatigue ensued for Miss Yonge. But probably the gain of a sympathetic companion was more than compensation for the disadvantages—and they were quite real ones—of this arrangement. Certainly, no one can restrain the wish that, as time went on, Miss Yonge had had more intercourse with her superiors in intellect; that she had seen more of the world of Oxford and of London; that she had had more natural links with people of light and leading. Miss Coleridge and others could not do as much for her as they might have done owing to this isolation at Otterbourne. Miss Coleridge was really the only author of any distinction whom she frequently saw, and to be surrounded by a circle of admirers, all decidedly inferior to oneself, is good for no one. If only she had had someone sufficiently near her own age, and of superior mental power, to criticize her and tell her when she was writing too much, the gain would have been great.

CHAPTER IX

MISS WORDSWORTH'S VISITS
(1872—1873)

MISS ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH came to stay with Miss Yonge some time in the seventies, and one can only wish the elder author had seen a great deal more of the much-loved Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, to whom we may apply what was said of someone else, 'To love her is a liberal education.' Miss Wordsworth has generously given an account of her visit, which can be quoted here:

'OTTERBOURNE,
'*May*, 1872.

'Well, dear . . . here I am at last, and seize the opportunity of my hostess being gone out to do a little school-teaching, to write to you.

'I had a lovely and enjoyable journey, and had the pleasure of seeing a brougham with Miss Yonge inside it drive up just at the moment our train was stopping. She and the coachman actually contrived to take me and all my luggage, and we had a pleasant drive through a country of budding oak-thickets and banks of wild-flowers, and just in front

of us a beautiful rainbow very low down in the sky. I cannot describe the exquisite, soft, half-rainy, half-sunny colouring. All this time I felt extremely shy, though, of course, we both of us talked hard, as shy people are apt to do, and I confess my feeling was, "What *shall* I do if she goes on in that voice for the next three or four days?" One felt inclined to speak like a hospital nurse oneself. Afterwards we made an expedition (rather under difficulties) into the garden to try and hear the nightingales; but it was a very rainy afternoon, and we took refuge in the drawing-room—a long, low room, lined with books and with a few nice prints. My eye was almost at once caught by a very fine impression of Dürer's "Knight and Death" (hanging close to two photographs of the San Sisto). Of course I ejaculated; and she said, "Oh, that was picked up by my father when he was in Paris. I think, considering he was only twenty, it showed very good taste." Then off we went about Ruskin—"What a mistake to think he is a *bad* knight"—Sintram, of course, etc., etc.; and having once got fairly started, we went on about all sorts of things (how they were connected it is really hard to remember)—Nuremberg, Paris (the only foreign place she had ever been to); the two things that interested her most—the Conciergerie and the Louvre; especially one little Murillo of our Lord looking on S. Peter. . . . Then we went for a most delicious stroll, something like the Wytham woods, where there were patches of bluebells and many other exquisite things, in order to fill our baskets with some moss

for church decoration. Then to the church for service; congregation—a man, a little girl, and ourselves.

'The church is in that dreadful *early* modern Gothic, the churchyard very pretty. Then tea in the drawing-room; my hostess looking more like an old French *marquise* than ever in a red and black Dolly Varden dress, with pink skirt. I *must* get a sketch of her in that particular costume. Alas! I never did. After tea she provided herself with a pair of scissors, and some of those cards of Sunday-school texts which have to be snipped up, and I got my knitting, by way of fancying we were industrious; and she volunteered to read me Keble's review of the Life of Walter Scott in an old *British Critic*. We must have read, I think, at the rate of a page an hour, as we went off into interminable discussions about everything, and, of course, a great deal of laughing and nonsense. How all the subjects got together I can't think. However, in the course of it she got down a copy of the *Faerie Queen* (which had been given by Mr. Keble to his wife before they were married, and used to be their travelling companion), with a nice little note in it from Mrs. Keble's sister, desiring her acceptance of it. Something in the reading about the beauty of Walter Scott's prose made me mention Dr. Whewell, and his delight in that fine passage in *The Antiquary* about a stormy sunset and a fallen monarch (early in chapter vii.). Of course that had to be looked out and read! We had been having some fun about the Coxe and Max Müller school, and their way of

disposing of all the old legends as myths about the sun and clouds; and she amused herself by turning the whole passage into a sort of allegory about Louis XIV.; laughing at her own thoughts in the way people do when a fresh combination comes into their mind. I never knew a face that it was greater pleasure to watch, and certainly never saw any woman (or many men) who seemed so perfectly *untireable*. I dare say she finds it rather lonely, though there is a married brother and family of children whose garden joins on to this. We were talking about something or other, and she said, "Two things everyone ought to be taught—to write a letter, and, if they have been anywhere, to describe it." I said: "Well, I don't mind about the letter, but it is not so easy, when you come home tired, to give a long account of your doings." "Well, it is far worse to come home and have no one to care *what* you have been doing." She seems very fond of the nephews and nieces, and is at this moment taking the place of a knocked-up governess, though rather in despair over a child who "has just reached that distressing stage when they know their alphabet perfectly well, and will go on saying *t h e* instead of *the*." All this energy seems so strange after the poor X's. [invalid friends]. By the way, Miss Yonge mentioned quite casually that she had read through the *whole* of the *Faerie Queen* as a girl, just because she liked it; and made a manuscript translation of *I Promessi Sposi* for the benefit of her father, who could not understand Italian, and liked to have a bit every night. . . .'

Photo by W. T. Green.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

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The letter ends here, but Miss Wordsworth adds some journal notes as well:

'*Wednesday, May* 8, 1872.—Church decorating (at home) with C. M. Y. We each did a cross for the two sides of the altar—yew, bay leaves, and rhododendrons. Her cross was broken-backed, and had to be supported by various devices. First I suggested crinoline wire (which was ineffectually tried); then she went and hunted up a garden-spud, which she stuck triumphantly at the back, and which she was sure "wouldn't show." Presently in comes her brother. "I think, Julian, we shall stand these on two hassocks to make them taller." "You might just as well stand them on—mashed potatoes." This was quite too much for my gravity. He waited for some time while we made a wreath with wet moss, flowers, and greenery for the font. . . . Went into church and arranged our crosses. Little girl bringing hemlock flowers. Nearly robbed the garden of its beautiful lilac clematis. Funeral came in the midst of our operations.

'*Thursday, May* 9.—After the usual festival services I left her, regretting she had proofs or something to do, and could not come, too, and walked up to the little common. Gorse most brilliant, beautiful distances, birds singing, milkwort on the turf, and a thousand other delights—a place in which to feel the true spirit of Ascension Day! She must have been at work at this time on *The Pillars of the House*, for at dinner she said: "I do so want a comic song. Can you help me? I don't

know any music, and am not in the way of hearing such things. I want Angela to sing one on the river." "Would 'Not for Joe' do?" "Oh no, that is too common, I think." "Well, I wonder if *this* would. It's dreadfully vulgar, but the children in the Children's Hospital at Nottingham used to sing it:

> "'Six o'clock is striking:
> Mother, may I go out?' etc."

'"Oh, that will just do, because the bargemen can take it up and answer her again. I shall be so much obliged if you will dictate it to me this evening." Which I accordingly did, both of us greatly amused.

'Drove, or rather were driven, to Hursley in a low open carriage, by the road along which the body of Rufus was brought. Talked of Miss Mackenzie and missions.

'Just as we were getting into the village, I exclaimed at the beauty of a lane with light green foliage. "Ah, I have often thought I would go down that lane, but I never have yet. Certainly the road did not look inviting. Stopped outside the lych-gate. Church very beautiful with its cross-lights—the font especially so; Keble's grave and his wife's; wreath at the head, I think, of both. We stood there some moments, she telling me of his funeral day, the comfort the early service had been; a butterfly in the church; brass slab where the coffin rested. I thought she rather would have preferred a grass grave to the marble ones, especially as she had told me at another time, with

enthusiasm, of an Indian Sultana whose one wish was that the grass should grow over her grave.

'Drove back through park. Deer. Ampfield Church. Something of this sort of conversation on our way through the wood: *C.* "This is quite a typical Ascension Day; these gleams are so much more beautiful than fixed sunshine." *E.* "One always fancies it was the same time of year in the Holy Land, but, of course, the season was more advanced there——"

'Ampfield Church stands on a rise. Drinking-fountain below, with verses by Lady Heathcote. Went up and looked round the churchyard. "When Miss (R.) Kingsley was here she seemed to know the note of every bird." Got into the carriage again, and drove on through a road among woods. Admired the larches. "As you like this so much, I must take you to-morrow to one of my favourite places for bluebells. I think we should have time in the morning. Yes, this is very pleasant English scenery. I like it better than a 'crack country,' where you are always being dragged up or down hill. What I do dislike are caves. There is one where I go and stay sometimes in Devonshire, and a sensation-novel lady [Annie Thomas] introduced it into one of her books, The most improbable bit in the book was (oddly enough) the only true one —that the cave had a door with a lock and key." Apropos of something I said: "Yes, there ought to be a novelists' lawyer. Sir John Coleridge looked over all the law in *The Trial* for me. He took me to the Portland Prison, and made all sorts of inquiries in my presence as if for his own edi-

fication. Mr. Roupell was there, so it was easy to ask questions about the treatment of a man of education. . . .”

‘In the evening she gave me a beautifully printed copy of Potter’s Æschylus to look at. “Do read it it out loud. I am sure you will enjoy it more.” However, as I was rather tired, she read me some of Baring-Gould’s poems: “The Three Crowns,” “Bishop Benno and the Frogs”—a very clever thing—etc. She reads unaffectedly and with a good deal of spirit, and, like all good readers, does not come *between* you and the subject.

‘*Friday.*—Went for our bluebell walk. It was thorough enjoyment, I think, to both of us. She seemed to delight in the red colouring of the docks—a great sweep of which lay across the landscape—and young oak-trees; then there were greyish-blue *lakes* of wild-hyacinths among the stems to our left—a peewit flying about in a sort of broken hollow to our right, and a strange croaking creature whose bodily form could not be discovered. Promised me some flowers to take back to Westminster Hospital.

‘In the afternoon took me to St. Cross in the open carriage. Sand-martins, rooks, etc. Agreed in our views about Butterfield having ruined the place. Cardinal Beaufort (about whom she was disposed to be enthusiastic); old silver crosses handed down from time immemorial. Peeped into Winchester Cathedral for a moment; through the nave and out at door on the south; spoke to verger about choral festival. She seemed proud of knowing all the byways to the Awdrys.

Mrs. A. doing illustration for a lecture. Dr. Ridding's Athenian sketches. C. Y. raving about the beauty of our morning walk. As we drove back, we talked of Mr. Butler of Wantage. *C.* "Well, he is very delightful to me, and yet he gives me more snubs than anybody. I shall never forget how he scolded me once for dining out on a Friday. You would be surprised how much there is in Mrs. Butler. She is so much taken up with making both ends meet—I mean in keeping such an establishment going—that she has hardly time for anything else; but she knows so much, and has great depth of character." General Wilbraham passed us on the road. His daughters nursing an old aunt.

'Home too late for church, so dressed early and had such an evening! My hostess, as I see her in my mind's eye (lying on the sofa under the San Sisto picture, in the Dolly Varden dress aforesaid, and showing a very pretty pair of feet in white open-work stockings), and I on the other side "capping Miss Austen *con amore*." *C.* "One thing I always think so much to her credit: she gives you a great deal of costume, and it is never in the way. You know her nephew says she never was in love; but —— (name forgotten) told quite a romance about her: her meeting with some Welsh squire, who paid her marked attentions, and was always expected to come forward, when it turned out he was dead." I said, I believe, that I did not think *Persuasion* could have been written by a person who had not been in love. *C.* "What was the good of the story of Mr. Elliot (I suppose

he was necessary), and Mrs. Clay? How much one sees the improvement in society since those days! Lydia going off without ever having been married—even the Mrs. Bennets of these days would have felt it. Then poor Colonel Brandon's situation. I *know* a Mrs. Palmer! How cleverly Harriet Smith is drawn! One feels the utter hopelessness of ever making anything of her. The sentimental young lady of those days—Miss Lily Black in *Inheritance*. Her letter first-rate. Isn't it good in *Mansfield Park* where Mrs. Rushworth (that is to be) complains of her aunts 'sponging' on Mr. R.! I always read Miss Austen to people of the present generation who don't appreciate her" (taking down a copy to see what Miss De Bourgh's name was). "I had been positive it began, instead of ending, with H." In answer to a question of mine: "Emma? Oh yes, I know Mr. Knightley's Christian name. Don't you remember when she says, 'I called you George to see if you minded it'? How good that scene is where Miss Bates talks to him out of the window! My mother and I took warning by that when we first came to live here, and determined *we* never would be so caught."

'I said I always thought Fanny Price had brown eyes. "Oh no. Don't you remember when Edmund had to learn to prefer soft blue eyes to sparkling black ones? I think I know exactly what Fanny looked like, with curls making an ogee arch over her forehead."

'Talked about Charlotte Brontë. "How wrong it was letting the brother stay at home and

coarsen those girls' minds! You see the traces of it in *Jane Eyre*. *Villette* is better."

'"Apropos of reviews, Annie Thomas once asked me, 'How do you feel when they cut you up?' It was such an awkward question. I said, 'Well, at all events I don't cry over them all day, as Charlotte Brontë did. I was so angry the other day. In a story, some gentleman says to a lady, 'Well, would you like me to turn good and build a church like one of Miss Yonge's heroes? Now, I never *did* make my hero build a church, except Mr. Ernscliffe, and *that* was after he was dead."

'One of the most amusing things was to hear her giving an account of the plot (some of it) of *The Pillars of the House*. It was exactly as if she was explaining the involutions of some *real* piece of history, and she was quite as much in earnest. I dare say, if I had been there longer, I should have had a great deal more of the same kind, for she evidently, when the first shyness was over, *liked* talking over her people. *Natürlich!*

'Another night I had made some quotation from George Eliot (*Adam Bede*) about ancestral features without ancestral qualities. *C.* "Oh yes, *of course* I remember that! . . . I wonder no one has ever written a poem on the death of Lorenzo de Medici."

'I had been with her some time in the house before I ventured to ask her about any of her own things. However, one evening as we were at supper, I asked her if Lady Keith's death* had been drawn from real life.

* In *The Clever Woman of the Family*.

'Instead of her replying, unluckily, a crumb got down her throat, and she began to choke so genuinely that I did not know whether to be more frightened or amused; and it was some time before I got my answer—in the negative.

'Afterwards from time to time she volunteered a good deal. About one poor girl who fell in love with Ethel, in *The Daisy Chain*, and wrote to the author, saying "You are the mother of all my good thoughts." Translations: One French translator would turn Guy into Walter; another would call Averil Lucie, or some such name, instead of Everilda, which it really was. "Oh," I said, "I always fancied, as you had got so many *Mays*, you thought it only right to have *April*, like the old rhyme,

'"March borrowed from Averil,' etc."

'"No, that, somehow, never came into my head."

'She evidently feels very much having no one to take an interest in these things; and talked a great deal of her own family—some cousins who had been like sisters, and were now no more (one who used to tell her about *Lady Anne*, a favourite old child's book I happened to mention), and we got quite confidential over family histories. I said we had really never known what sorrow was. She answered very touchingly, "And you will find it is much better than you think."

'I showed her one of my father's letters; she looked at it with interest. "Ah, I have nothing of that sort. My letters used to be: 'DEAR CHARLOTTE, I am coming home to-night at six. Your

affectionate,' etc." *C.* "My father died of apoplexy; there were two strokes, with a few days between. We had no clergyman with us. I read the Commendatory Prayer. Afterwards Mr. Bigg-Wither came in, and read us the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. It was kindly meant, but a great strain. Then those kind Kebles came over, and did everything they possibly could. I never was a nurse, and —— did much better than my brother or I could." But she seemed to look back on that sorrow as not so hard to bear as her mother's illness, with its long, gradual breaking up of a character that had been so congenial. (They seem to have seen everything in the same way, and the same absurd likenesses in people, like the game in *The Pillars of the House*, which they appear really to have played.)

'"The first coming home with nobody to welcome you! One of my cousins contrived to spare me that. Now I have got used to it, and go and look what letters there are. . . . One of the things that made me take to you first of all was seeing how much you looked up to your father." This was in answer to something I had said about wishing she could know him, as she seemed to miss Keble so much; or, if I remember the words rightly: "Ah, when one's master *is* taken away from one's head!"

'Altogether, this our last evening was one of our nicest. She seemed to let you see so much of her real heart and feeling, expressed almost as much by the flushing of her face and the varying character of her brown eyes, with their different

looks of almost tears, sparkle of fun, eagerness of observation, far-away yearning (especially sometimes out of doors), and the charming play of her mouth, as by anything she says.

'It is a great pity one who is really so loving and lovable should not be able to show it except to the very few who have the chance of getting intimate with her. I think she must have felt this herself, to judge by the way she spoke of Miss Austen's alleged reserve in society.... As I think she said herself, only not quite in those words, "Self-consciousness is a misfortune, not a fault."

'*Friday*.—Went to church 9 a.m. As we got out afterwards, she amused me by saying: "*Do* tell me. *Is* my hat on hind side before? I have had such horrid misgivings about it." Luckily, it was all right. After breakfast she went, I think, to her school, I to my packing.

'Apropos of an emerald ring: "I think all the Otterbourne children of this generation will associate the 'rainbow round about the throne' with this ring."

'When I had done packing, I found her armed with a large photograph-book of friends and relations, which she showed me. I forgot to say how much talk we had had about Bishop Patteson, Bishop Selwyn's log-book, and Melanesia generally, on which she is employed just now. Also a great deal about the Old Testament—David and S. John (of course *con amore*), some of this out walking; the 40th Psalm—Keble's translation of "Mine ears hast thou opened," and much more. But as we hardly ever stopped

talking during the four days of my visit, it is obviously impossible to put down everything. One day she took me into her bedroom, a small room with a look-out on laurel-bushes, and I should think an excellent place for observing birds. "Tod als Freund" over the bed's head. We talked a little about it. "And Alice Moberly happened to have done me this text, 'At evening time it shall be light,' so that fitted in beautifully." Picture of an old owl, "which I remember as long as I can remember anything"; photographs; a picture done by her mother for stained-glass window; family portraits.

'She does all her work in the drawing-room, the chief peculiarity of which is, there is no piano. Over the chimney-piece, her father in the centre, Lord Seaton, Keble, Sir W. Heathcote, all by Richmond . . . a fine print of Millais' Huguenots in another part of the room; the two San Sisto groups—how she did talk to me about the cherubs! Death and the Knight; a print from the Vision of S. Augustine (S. Lawrence, S. Katharine, etc.), about which she was very eloquent; and I think a Cuyp, or something Cuypish, on one side of the fire; and at the foot of the sofa, and close to the fire, a window with something green peeping in, and a view of the road uphill to the common. On the other side of, and at right angles to, the fire three windows, and near the farthest her writing-table, with a handy chiffonier with cupboard for waste-paper, paste, etc.

'In the middle of the room a table with some flowers, in which she evidently took great pride—

Solomon's seal, picked in our walk. Well, all pleasures come to an end, and so did this. If anything could have made parting pleasant, it would have been the genuine affection of her farewell.

'I paid her another visit in 1873, of which the following is a slight record:

'*Thursday, May* 29.—To Chandler's Ford. C. Y. waiting at the station for me. Drove a little way, then got out and walked through a wood something like Buckland Covert. She noticed the curious growth of the fir-cones coming at the joints of the branches. Some must have been there several years. Talked in a desultory way. Somehow Jean Ingelow came up. C. admired *Off the Skelligs*, also *her* part of *One Story by Two Authors* (Margaret), which I think she said was "how I first became acquainted with her. She was very angry because I would cut out so much of the other author's part." Stopped to look at a snake running away in the broken ground, and told me a story of some Colonial Bishop being stung by a viper here in England. Came down by the road, leaving Hursley Park on our left. Pretty groups of children in the late afternoon light.

'*Friday, 30th.*—Paid calls in Winchester. To cathedral service. Old arches outside recently discovered. *C. Y.* "I remember when these were first found. I was quite a girl, and very enthusiastic, saying to Mr. Keble: 'Well, I think this is the greatest event that has happened in Winchester for many years.' He gave me one of his funny looks. 'Oh no, Charlotte! Don't you think the greatest event was Canon Carus's coming?'"

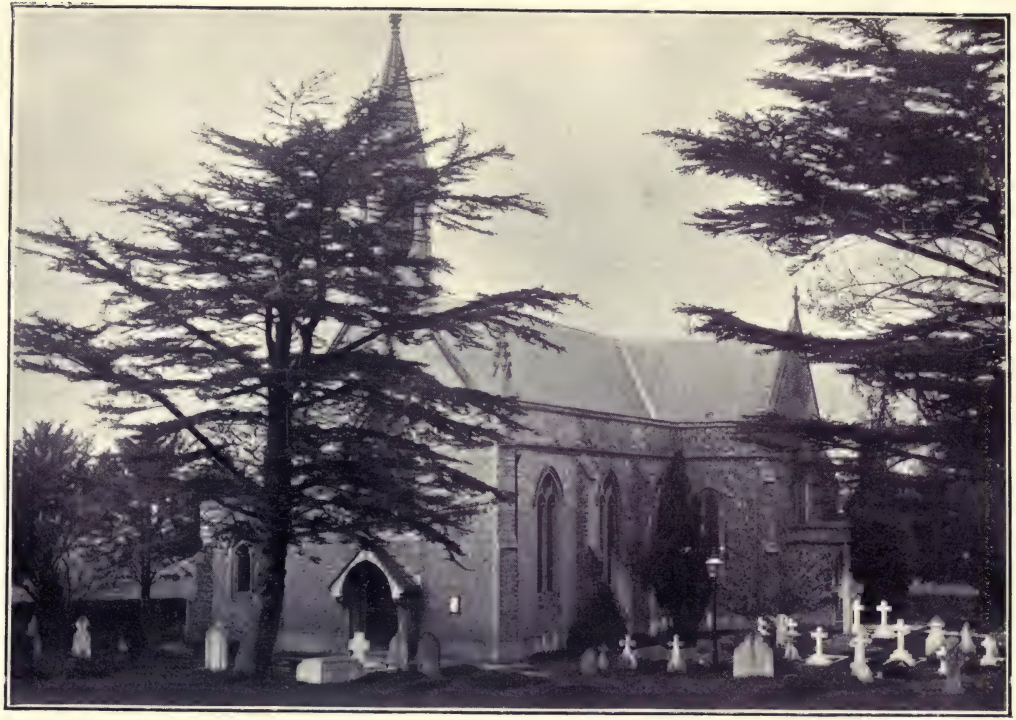

Photo by W. T. Green.

OTTERBOURNE CHURCH.

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'After service showed me the font. Something like the Lincoln one. Was very much shocked I had not been to the cathedral "since you came to your senses. Well, we'll make a point of it next time you come."

'On the Saturday we had a grand church-decorating, and I was amused at the energetic way she set to work, carrying a large basket on her arm into the church, and subsequently dusting and scrubbing the dark oak carving inside the altar rails. Afterwards we paid a visit to Miss Walter, who had got downstairs on to the sofa.

'*Sunday*, (Whit Sunday) we had a great deal of Sunday-school, etc. I never saw a woman who seemed to mind noise so little, and the same thing struck me when we were travelling the next day.

'*Sunday Afternoon.*—"Now I must go and write my weekly letter to Mr. Wither." However, she hung about by the door, talking about prayer apropos of a story of Bishop Patteson having once escaped a great danger, and finding afterwards that his old governess had been praying for him all night. I said the obvious thing: "Why, then, did he get killed at last?" and the obvious remarks to and fro were made. I said: "At last one comes to pray for nothing but spiritual things, except, perhaps, people one loves." *E.* "And success." *C.* "Yes. 'Prosper Thou our handywork,' that was always a favourite text of mine. I fancy God encourages people by secondary motives while they are young, and by degrees withdraws them, treating us like children." (At another time she

said: "I have had a great deal of affection in my life, but not from the people I cared for most.")

'Showed me an autograph of Keble with what he called "his motto" (from George Herbert), "Love is a present for a mighty King," stuck in *Christian Year*, I think. After tea she got into a corner of the sofa by the little window already mentioned, close to the fire, and I sat at the head and looked over her photograph copy of *Lyra Innocentium*. I made her read me several: the one for the day, and, "What I care for more," for Whitsun Eve, about the cooing of the dove; also "Where is the brow to wear in mortals' sight?" We began with the one for Whit Sunday, and, as she said, it rather seemed to have been done for the sake of getting the children in somehow, whereas the "Eve" was his own self completely.

'Among the photographs, one of Fra Angelico's face struck me. I think she said she had got it in Paris. It had all the air of being a portrait—the mouth so characteristic. I said, however, I wished the upper part had more the air of one who had gone through some intellectual struggle. It looked undeveloped. How could one get sympathy from such a man? This led to a very interesting discussion as to whether one must be able to *be* a thing in order to enter into it. "I'm sure I don't think I could have been as good as" (I think she said) "some of my own characters. Take courage, for instance. I know I'm an arrant coward. However, you may say that's a mere matter of physical nerve." I mentioned a paper I had seen in *Macmillan* by Mr. Hutton, where he says Tennyson's

Northern Farmer was drawn from the outside, and Tithonus from the inside. And this led us, of course, to Shakespeare, especially Hamlet, whom one felt he had drawn from within. *C.* "I fancy him a mixture of Hamlet and Sir John Falstaff. Now, Othello, I think, is from the outside." Then we went on to "Middlemarch" and the wonderful portraiture of Lydgate. Where did she get her medical knowledge from?

'I said something—I forget exactly what—about the effect of great events in forming great literary characters. What would Shakespeare have been if he had not lived in an heroic age?

'*C.* "But sometimes the crisis comes, and there is no great man to rise up to it. Now, for instance, who is there? Perhaps the greatest intellect of the age is Dr. Newman. But——" "But," I said, "perhaps his *intellect* is too strong for his *nature*." And we digressed a little on that subject, and got, somehow, to self-consciousness, whether it was the effect of the character or the epoch. "Bishop Patteson," she said, "was a remarkably self-conscious man. It was one of his great trials. I'm sure Ulysses was self-conscious." (I could not agree to this.) *C.* "I should say, now, that Euripides was self-conscious, and Æschylus not." "Yes." "And Cicero?" "Oh yes," I said; "why, he was just as much over-civilized as ourselves." *C.* "Do you know a passage in one of Miss Sewell's books in which she says of a pretty girl: 'She was not vain, but she wouldn't have liked any of her father's labourers to pass her without noticing her'?" I said: "Or like Maggie in *The Mill on the*

Floss, who didn't like the gipsies not to think her a clever little girl." *C.* "Well, you know, I feel like that girl of Miss Sewell's, I am afraid. I don't like it if people—not snub me, exactly, but don't give me my due. The other day I was going over a cathedral with a lady who certainly had all the right to respect, and I found my remarks treated with the utmost contempt. I fancied we had been mistaken one for another, and afterwards found it was the case. People do all they can to spoil you——" "And then," I said, "are the first to turn round on you for being spoilt." "Yes. But, now, what should you have thought of Miss Strickland going over a showplace and leaving a message: 'Tell the Duchess I have been here; she'll like to know it'? I don't like butter, but I must say I like approbation. What should you think of people when they come and say, 'I've been wanting to see you so, I've heard so much of you,' and so on?" "Oh," I said, "if you did that to me, I should butter them again so thickly that they should see I was chaffing them. But I should hope they would have the good taste not to do so." "Very few people *have* good taste. I am getting hardened now, and don't mind it as much as I did. Of course, now, if I met, say, one of your sisters, and said I wanted to see her so, it would be quite natural, because I knew you. But supposing one met George Eliot or Mrs. Oliphant, of course it would not be the same thing; and yet, you know, one likes to be approved of—when one writes a fresh thing to know it is not a falling off." Something made me say: "I suppose a great

success almost always brings a great shadow with it. It seems as if God would not allow people to have their heads turned—if they were good, at least." I believe she assented. "Ah," she said, evidently thinking of herself, "a lonely old age is a sad thing." She was apparently haunted by her mother's six months' imbecility, for she added: "I hope I shall keep myself. My mother got so restless; she was never quiet five minutes. We could not keep her in bed at night. If I went down to get my dinner, she could not bear me out of her sight. However, I do not think my constitution is like hers. The other side of our family is more for sudden deaths." A good deal of this conversation took place in the dusk, when people generally get confidential; and she went on about her father's symptoms, and a little tendency to gout she had been feeling. "People often think I must be very dull here, and want me to go and live in Oxford." I forget exactly at what part of the conversation I had begged her to go for a winter in Rome—it seemed such a pity for people who knew and cared about the place not to see it. "Well, the Heathcotes wanted me to go last winter, but I declined. There seems so much to do here; and, with an old mind like mine, it is difficult to take in fresh impressions."

'I have forgotten a good deal of this conversation now, but I shall never forget her eyes, sparkling like diamonds, especially by candlelight.

'We started together by train the next day, and travelled a short distance together. She was going to see Miss Dyson, "the mother of Guy."

"You must come again, you know; you seem quite to belong now to Ascension Day and Whitsuntide." We had several other meetings after this, but I fear I have not kept a record of them.'

Another friend of Miss Yonge's was Mrs. Gibbs, the wife of Mr. William Gibbs, whom all Churchmen gratefully remember. The visits to the home at Tyntesfield, of which she writes, 'The beautiful house was like a church in spirit, I used to think,' were a great pleasure. She writes from Mr. Gibbs's house in 1872:

'J. F. O. [Bishop Mackarness] slept here last night to assist at the opening of Mr. Randall's church at Clifton,* to which we have been this morning. The Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Moberly, preached most beautifully about the Shadow and the Image. Mr. Skinner is also here for it . . . . Those who stayed for the luncheon are full of enthusiasm, and say it was most successful, and that the two Bishops spoke in perfection in their several ways; but Archdeacon Denison seems to have almost demolished poor Dr. Moberly with the noise he made. This is a holy and beautiful house to be in, with Blanche's almost unearthly goodness and humility, and her husband's princely nobleness. . . . He still reads the lessons in chapel, and with beautiful expression. Just fancy what it was to hear him read the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, the spirit so rising above the infirmities! He wants

* The beautiful Church of All Saints, which has been so great a blessing to many souls.

to build a church here for the district, also a private chapel, licensed for H. C. But the Rector, a very low and slovenly Churchman, will not consent; though the Bishop [Bath and Wells] has been talked to by our Bishop and him of Ely, he will not or cannot abide it. As to the chapel, there came a letter two days ago, saying "he would do everything in his power," but it is much feared that this means only a licence for the Holy Communion, not permitting anyone not in the house to receive. It is celebrated now in the Oratory, but with a sense that it is irregular and might be stopped when nobody is really ill. How Mr. —— and the Bishop can take advantage of the scrupulous forbearance they meet with, I cannot think.'

And another interest was Wantage. The sister of Mrs. Butler, Miss Barnett, was one of Miss Yonge's later correspondents, and Miss Yonge was an Exterior Sister of Wantage from 1868. She speaks of the Dean as being almost one with the 'Mighty Three,' and that Wantage was 'almost a Theological College, so many men were trained there.'

Wantage stands for so much to us of the English Church, and the Community of S. Mary's, Wantage, seems to have been one of the most richly blessed of those Communities which have given back to us the idea of the Religious Life for women. Wantage is linked also with the Community of S. John the Evangelist at Cowley; and when it is remembered how greatly she cared for missions, it is indeed thankworthy to realize that Miss Yonge had this connection with Wantage.

CHAPTER X

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN—RELIGIOUS BOOKS—LATER YEARS

(1873—1901)

Miss Yonge began in the seventies to write the series of histories for children known as *Aunt Charlotte's Stories.* There are volumes on Scripture, English, French, German, Roman, and Greek history.

There are such numberless books of elementary history nowadays that it is probable these are out-of-date. Yet they are exceedingly good in plan, and the ones on English history and Scripture history do really lay foundations for more advanced books. The one on German history is perhaps the least successful. Miss Yonge also wrote the charming *Evenings at Home,* on the plan of the old favourite of bygone years.

Her industry was extraordinary. Mr. A. J. Butler speaks somewhere of the incredible diligence of the Middle Ages, but Miss Yonge's powers of work seem to us as wonderful as any medieval scholar's. She had a knack of writing three books at a time, a page of one and then a page of another, and then a third, while the first two dried, which is awe-inspiring even to read about; and her interest in all her work was unbounded and ever fresh.

In the seventies Miss Yonge wrote several short stories—*P's and Q's*, for instance, which is a delightful account of a younger sister who decides she is 'put upon' by her excellent elder sisters. There is in this book one of the pleasantest of Miss Yonge's schoolboys. She also tried her hand on a bit of melodrama—*Lady Hester*—which is very readable, but highly improbable; and strange as it is that such a word should be applicable to anything Miss Yonge wrote, it is somewhat disagreeable—not, however, from any love-story. *My Young Alcides* is, on the other hand, to our thinking, as improbable as *Lady Hester*, but as charming as *Lady Hester* is unpleasant. She also edited translations from French memoirs.

Now we must speak of more directly religious work. Five little books of questions on the Collects, Epistles, Gospels, Psalms, and Prayer Book, were written by her for her own Otterbourne children, and, where the Catechism has not replaced the Sunday-school, these books might be, and perhaps are, still useful to people who wish to follow the Church's guidance and teach their children the lessons of Collect and Gospel, of the Prayer Book and Psalter. There are no answers, and they are meant to aid the teacher in questioning a class of orderly children who have read their Gospel or Epistle, or learned their Collect, and who have Bibles in their hands to which to refer. And, by the way, would it not be possible for us, who so passionately cry out for religious teaching, to organize classes alike in country and town on some weekdays, and once again get into individual touch

with Church children? With the Catechism on Sunday and some individual teaching in the week, a great deal may be done, and it is a great pity not to read the Bible with children and young people. The old-fashioned Bible-class has been dropped far too much by some who are very zealous for distinctive Church teaching, and it is sad that so many children are allowed to drop out of the Catechism or the Sunday-school, and are not carried on to really good definite Bible and Church history instruction in classes which are classes, not merely instructions, sometimes very feeble instructions, by a clergyman. Miss Yonge in her own day laid her children's foundations deep and strong.

As one turns over the *Questions on the Gospels*, one sees how thoroughly taught the children would be who had read the Gospel and had been questioned on it in the way she laid down. These little books would be quite useful to mothers who teach their own children.

Scripture Readings for Schools and Families, with Comments, began to appear in 1871.

They are selections from the Bible itself, and are intended to serve as readings for children from seven to fourteen years of age.

> 'Actual need,' she writes, 'has led me . . . to endeavour to prepare a reading-book, convenient for study with children, containing the very words of the Bible, with only a few expedient omissions, and arranged in Lessons of such length as by experience I have found to suit with children's powers of accurate attentive interest. . . .'

The Scripture portion, with a very few notes explanatory of mere words, is bound up apart, to be used by children; while the same is also supplied with a brief comment, the purpose of which is either to assist the teacher in explaining the lesson, or to be used by more advanced young people.

The *Readings* are quite unique; there is as yet no other book* at all on the same plan, and the knowledge and reverence shown in the comments are exactly what would be expected from the writer.

But it is to be feared five thick volumes are alarming to the ordinary parent, and yet anyone who began on the Old Testament side by side with *Gospel Times*, which leads on to *Apostolic Times*, would find it not at all impossible to work through Old and New Testament alike in three or four years' steady reading.

The space between the Old and New Testaments was not left unbridged by Miss Yonge, and her readers are guided through the finer portions of the Deutero-Canonical books, and are not left in ignorance of Judas Maccabeus and of the heroic mother of the seven sons.

Of course, the chief defect of these volumes is that all modern criticism is absolutely ignored; but for all that they contain a wonderful amount of information, and the plan of the books is excellent—so excellent that Professor Huxley praised it as an example of how the Bible should be read in schools. Perhaps the comments on the Gospel story are a little long and a little dull, but we are sure that they

* Since this was written the present writer has published a volume of 'Bible Readings with comments' (Mowbrays).

would help many a mother or governess who wishes to read the life of Christ with her pupils. The Old Testament comments are often spirited and illuminating, if we remember the standpoint from which they are written.

There is always in her comments a deep sense of the moral truth underlying all the history, and of the real value, purpose, and meaning of the Old Testament.

A later book was published in 1888, *Conversations on the Prayer Book;* it came out first in the *Monthly Packet*, and is a perfect mine of information. The book is in the form of conversations, and conversations seem to be a little out of favour nowadays.

Nevertheless, Miss Yonge's book might be read with much advantage by people just before or after their Confirmation. For quotation, the conversation on the subject of Confession which occurs in the chapter on 'The Visitation of the Sick' is an excellent example of Miss Yonge's teaching.

Earlier than this is the volume of *Beginnings of Church History*, and it is most useful as a summary of the Acts. But no one could, we think, read it through consecutively. It is very long. The best way of using it is to have it as a reference, and read chapters from it from time to time in illustration of history. The chapters on Charles the Great, for instance, would be excellent to read on Sunday, when the weekday history lessons had touched on that monarch, and so on.

Mothers who try to teach schoolboys a little European history in the holidays will find in it, as in all Miss Yonge's books, an extraordinary amount of information, and a sense of God's purpose work-

ing in the Church of God; of the real, deep, underlying unity of the Church; of the truth that the history of the Church in the most modern days is a continuation of the story which was begun on the Day of Pentecost, and will end when 'He comes to judge the quick and the dead.'

Musings on the 'Christian Year,' bound up with *Gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. John Keble*, appeared in 1871. We have already spoken of and quoted from the *Recollections* of Keble. They and the *Musings* came out in the *Packet*. The *Musings*, or *Meditations, on the 'Christian Year'* are beautiful. When we remember that the writer sat so long at Keble's feet and drank in all that he could teach her, we feel no one could be a more fitting interpreter. Alas! so few of us find time on Sundays to read even our *Christian Year*, much less to glance at the comment. But surely every now and then the *Musings* might accompany our reading, for they bring us into the atmosphere of the *Christian Year*, so calm and bracing and sobering.

For a specimen we will give part of the comment on the beautiful poem for Easter Eve in the *Christian Year*. Miss Yonge writes:

'In a verse of extraordinary beauty we are thus exhorted:

'"When tears are spent, and thou art left alone
With ghosts of blessings gone,
Think thou art taken from the cross, and laid
In Jesus' burial shade;
Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer, and call
Out of the rocky wall
The fount of holy blood; and lift on high
Thy grovelling soul that feels so desolate and dry."

'For thou art in this rocky wilderness of a world a prisoner of hope, who should turn and look to the stronghold of Zion above, singing in hope of the promise of the future. Joseph, his father's darling, lay imprisoned in the pit, not knowing how he should be saved, but sure that God would save him; and so "a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." For this is what it is to be "buried with Christ in baptism by His death," to be dead with Him to the world, and our life hidden with Him.'

In 1877 appeared *Womankind*, with which many of us had made acquaintance in the *Monthly Packet*. This is a volume of essays on the life of women who belong to the leisured classes, and abounds in practical good sense and deep religious feeling. A good deal of it is quaint and decidedly old-fashioned. The chapter, perhaps, which most excited ungodly mirth in one's mind is the one on dress; yet how full of good sense the book is! Perhaps we who were just growing up in the seventies, and were adorers of Miss Yonge, found it easier to take these admonitions as they were showered upon us each month than if we had had them given to us in a book of decidedly dull appearance, and certainly some of us thankfully acknowledge that we were and are the better for *Womankind*.

How good much of it is now! The protest against mothers who contrive that all their grown-up daughters' time should be frittered away in writing invitations and arranging flowers; the words on

culture, on how to see sights, and, to pass to a perfectly different subject, on 'spiritual direction' —how excellent they all are! To this day one is thankful to have read in one's youth:

'Of all hateful kinds of gossip, one of the most shocking is that about the different ways of confessors. It is not only irreverent, but a dishonourable breach of sacred confidence. The priest is bound to absolute secrecy with regard to his penitent; the penitent is just as much so with regard to any peculiarities of his. Besides, where can the real penitence be, if there is levity enough to make such observations?

'Again, we know how the poor plead that they do not see that such and such a person is the better for going to church or being a communicant, and bring up all his faults against him.

'It is the same with those who are known to be in the habit of using Confession. The world has laid hold of a truth here. They ought to be better than other people, or else they bring scandal on their profession.

'Relations are quick to note the errors of one another, especially if their notions are not the same, and outbreaks of temper, selfishness, evil-speaking, or worldliness, will be cited as proofs of the incompetency of the system that has not cured them.

'Now, ill-temper is sometimes a bodily or nervous affection . . . but the other faults are all wilful ones, and their continuance unrepressed can only spring either from dishonest confessions, from

want of earnestness in following out the remedies, or from that terrible levity, before mentioned, which presumes on pardon—to go on in sin. Therefore the person who is not striving to improve under this system is in the double danger which is enhanced by all misused helps. . . .

'Nor does spiritual guidance at all mean putting oneself into the hands of one who will exact blind obedience—exercise priestcraft, as it is called. Such influence as we were reminded of in *Domine Freylinghausen** exists wherever there are weak women and ministers who try to rule them. The Pharisees devoured widows' houses. And there were those in S. Paul's time who led captive silly women. Molière has shown off a Tartuffe, and Dickens a Gradgrind. But these men (Tartuffe, Gradgrind) prevailed by flattery and outward show, not by the stern and strictly guarded relations of priest and penitent. The leading is not an attempt to direct in the common ways of life, but an assistance in dealing with sins, and in rising to higher and deeper devotion. To those who feel the exceeding danger of drifting into bad habits and worldly customs, and heaping sin upon sin for want of warning, it is an inestimable boon, supplying the lack of those voices of home whose praise or blame were our "waymarks sure" in our childhood.

'If we look at biography, we shall find religious melancholy far more common among those who

* A really charming story of the Dutch settlers in America, by Miss Wilford. It came out in the *Packet* in the early seventies. Tartuffe was surely a layman.

try to do everything for themselves, trusting merely to their own sensations, than to those who have kept to the way traced by our Lord for His Church, in which is found the constant joy of pardon and peace.'

Of course, much of *Womankind* is quite out of date. Women can go about alone in London, and may even smoke cigarettes, without ceasing to be well-bred and good people. And Miss Yonge's views on medical education for women are absolutely wrong, as she would be the first to acknowledge now.

There are some words on underdoing and undoing, which we quote, as much to the point now as when they were first written.

'Talk is one of the great enemies of living a wise and useful life. It is even more a snare to the grown-up woman than to the child. . . .

'To many women, especially those who have belonged to large families, one continual stream of passing chatter seems a necessary of life. They are unhappy when alone, and cannot sit at home, for want of someone to speak to.'

Miss Yonge shows us, however, the other side:

'Conversation is emphatically an art to be studied for home consumption . . . it is a duty . . . to share in conversation and talk with full spirit and interest.'

And we must quote another word in the chapter on Health:

'To the invalid, whose *self* is so painfully present in pain, weakness, or lassitude, shall I venture to

say anything that has not been much better said in the books I mentioned?

'Yes, one word I will try to say. Perhaps you are grieved at feeling yourself so unlike the gracious invalids you read of, so loved by all. You feel it very hard and neglectful if you are left alone, yet you do not know how to bear with the others when they come, and you are glad when you can manage to be only dull, not snappish. People petted you, and thought nothing too much for you when you were very ill; now that illness is permanent they are getting tired of you, when you really want them.

'There is nothing for it but to dwell more and more on Him who is shutting you into your chamber to commune with Him. Dwell on His love and His sufferings for you, and you will find it easier to give the love and sympathy that will draw others to you, and do your best to be of some use to someone. . . . You can do easy matters the busy have no time for; you can be their memory, send kind messages . . . write letters that sometimes are much valued. It is the old story so often enforced in parable and allegory: our cross grows lighter so soon as we set our hand to aid in bearing that of another.'

Womankind concludes with a beautiful chapter on 'Going in.' She writes:

'I meant when I chose this title . . . that riding on the crest of the wave, and then beginning to fall below it, which must befall many of us.'

We are sure much of what she says in this is wrung out of her own experience. She speaks of the trial which comes to most who have been successful and who find others going beyond them.

'We enjoy progress,' she writes, 'as long as we go along with it, but there often comes a time when the progress gets beyond us. And then! Are we to be drags, or stumbling-blocks, or to throw ourselves out of the cause altogether? . . .

'What shall we say? Each generation must think for itself, and each will best love all that was the achievement of its prime. The power of sympathy with what lies behind us, and what advances beyond us, is very different in different persons.

'Some young people treat all that their elders thought or did as old-world rubbish, barely tolerate their mothers, and openly contemn their aunts. These will advance the shortest distance of all, and be the very first to be stranded and left behind breathless, grumbling and scolding at the wave which passes beyond them, for their powers and sympathies are the shallowest and weakest.

'Others have a deep love of the past, and strike their roots far down; they honour and feel with those who have built the steps on which they stand, and, striking a just balance between old efforts and new culture, life's experiences and hope's intuitions, let themselves be guided on so far that their own spring forward . . . and their power of going along with the coming generation are much greater. . . .

'A welding together of the new and the old is the thing needful. Not that the young should treat everything old as worn out and ridiculous. It has been the strength and glory of England that she has been built on her old foundations instead of sweeping them away; but when we pass the bounds of our own youth, we have to bear in mind that it is narrow intolerance on the part of the elder generation which provokes the younger into a general overthrow as soon as they have the power.

'The review in the *Literary Churchman* of the *Idylls of the King* drew forth a beautiful moral—namely, that Arthur had made the Round Table his ideal of the perfection of mankind and knighthood, and for that very reason arose the quest of the San Greal, leading above and beyond, and breaking up the Round Table to the grief and sorrow of Arthur. And it is this which befalls every generation unless they live in an age of decadence. A quest will rise out of their Round Table. Their juniors will not rest with their idea of perfection, but will strain on to something beyond and more their own. It will often seem to spoil and break up the older scheme. That which was the vision of youth, and of which fruition has barely come, is viewed with patronizing pity as a mere first essay, and the lesson of good-humour we learnt when our towers of wooden bricks were overthrown, that the younglings might use their materials, was so long ago that it is hard to recall it . . . but the very same qualities have to be called into play—unselfishness and candour. If we can only eliminate *self* and

Photo by W. T. Green.

C. M. YONGE IN HER GARDEN AT ELDERFIELD.

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get rid of personal feeling, we shall be able to judge much more fairly whether our knights have gone off after a San Greal or a phantom, a Una or a Duessa. . . .

'It is widowhood that sometimes brings the changes—sometimes simply the being outrun and surpassed in progress as our breath grows shorter and our enterprise less ardent.

'Well, what is our part? Surely to try to be helpers to the best of our abilities. There will be some who lag behind, and who will be glad of a helping hand, and to whom our old-fashioned aid may be valuable. And if we endeavour to be kind and friendly, understanding the purport of the novelties, and granting the good in them, we shall get our counsel listened to, and may bring about that happiest union of "fervent old age and youth serene" which is symbolized by our grey old Gothic buildings mantled by their green creepers.

'Yes, but when we are elderly, and not old, we don't seem to attain these venerable graces. Indeed, we often do not feel ourselves ageing. . . . It is . . . possible . . . to fall into ways that have very little to be said for them. A resolute determination still to affect youth, externally; or, again, diligent cultivation of some form of bad health, or anything that puts us out of real sympathy with the younger generation, and fixes our attention on ourselves, our grievances, our comforts, is a form of this dangerous elderliness—dangerous because it is letting the heart go to sleep. . . . The way to go through this elderly period is to recollect that whatever drops from us

here should be so much taken away from between us and our view of heaven. If we are becoming less necessary here, it is surely that the links and bonds of our earthly life may fall away, and our gaze upwards be clearer and steadier.

'To see the truth and take it cheerfully is wisdom; and if we find ourselves shelved before our time, it is well to recollect that, after all, we were but God's instruments, and that He knows best whether we are blunted or not.

'Nay, our neighbours may know what we do not.

'The Archbishop of Cordova thought that his best sermon which Gil Blas was forced to declare "sentait un peu l'apoplexie," and it may be best to take a hint in all humility.

'"A calm undressing, waiting silently," is the best thing that can befall us as well as the trees. And though it is pleasanter to give things up than to have them taken away, let us remember that we are never so safe as when our will lies undiscerned by all but God.'

Somehow, as we read these words, so full of deep humility, the conviction forces itself upon us that, if only good people would reflect on this problem of 'going in,' there would be less of that unedifying dislike of their 'successors'—of people who have taken the place we either filled ourselves or saw once filled by one we loved.

And the chapter on Old Age is very beautiful. The description of those old people who

'seem to live already in a soft halo of heavenly light, ready to interest themselves kindly in what concerns us, but their minds and thoughts chiefly occupied with the home that they are nearing—the Land of the Leal.'

There is a warning that it is possible in old age to fall into a state where,

'as the force of mind and body lessen, the old tendencies kept in check by custom or regard to opinion get the mastery, such as querulousness or peevishness, hasty exertions of authority from a piteous doubt whether it can still be exercised, apparent avarice from the want of power to judge expenditure, terrible distrust of others and their motives, constant self-assertion, alienating all, and then resenting their standing aloof. Oh, mournful condition! And yet, may it not await any of us? "Forsake me not, O God, in mine age, when I am old and grey-headed." Those, as far as we can see, whom God does preserve from this state are those who have guarded themselves carefully through life from giving way to petulant emotion, and have tried to live in the love and fear of God, not only doing obvious outward duty, but making communion with God rest and joy. Those who thus live may hope to realize that

> '"Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
> The heavenward flame annoy;
> The Saviour cannot pass away,
> And with Him lives our joy."'

Surely it is well to pray for such an old age, if age is to be our portion.

Dear Miss Yonge, no doubt prayed for that old age, which was granted to her in full abundance. It seems to us that in *Womankind* she revealed more of her own inner self, of the love and devotion to our Lord which were the mainspring of her life, than in any other book.

The book shows her as she was, with all her power and also all her limitation. She was intensely reserved, and it was not often in her books that she spoke very openly of the deep things of God and of the soul. *The Pillars of the House*, perhaps, tells us more of her deep convictions than any other story. But in *Womankind* she now and then allows herself to speak quite freely and from the heart.

It is curious, also, to notice another point in Miss Yonge's books. She wrote mainly for women. Her earlier books undoubtedly had a certain amount of popularity among men; but so far as she had any sense of a mission, we are sure she only thought of her own sex. This is much more pronounced in her later books, however. She understands the ordinary English schoolboy, good or naughty.

She speaks of some schoolboy writing to her about the utter muffs ladies (Miss Yonge never speaks of *men* and *women*) made of schoolboys, and instanced Norman May (which shows the schoolboy was limited). Miss Yonge goes on to say: 'I always thought Farrar's boys, who always died as soon as they began to be good, very immoral.'

And she can put on her canvas all kinds and sorts of English gentlemen and respectable English working men. The modern villain of any class is beyond

her. Her scoundrels in the historical tales are the most convincing of her wicked men, possibly because we know so much less about the period.

Miss Yonge is intensely simple, direct, and perhaps somewhat wanting in artistic faculty. She is singularly inferior in this respect to Mrs. Gaskell, whose stories are on quite as limited a canvas, but who produces effects as different from any of Miss Yonge's as are the sketches of a real artist from the photographs of the best camera. That is where Miss Yonge falls short of real greatness. She photographs with extraordinary fidelity, and her people are real people; but she has no idea of construction or of plot, nor does she ever face great questions or problems, but, as Mrs. Dyson said in 1857:

> 'Charlotte sent us the *Saturday Review* of her . . . It is clever enough, and the praise just, we think. But the reviewer would never enter into her principles, and evidently wants her to undertake the great social questions, as Mrs. Gaskell and suchlike writers. Why she may not take her own line, instead of imitating them or trying to compete with Shakespeare, one cannot comprehend.'

What gives her work value is, first of all, that her characters in the best of her books are all alive and impress themselves upon us; we cannot forget them, and, what is more, we do not wish to forget them: they become real friends, whose tastes, opinions, examples, have directed our own.

Then, there is in the books a passion for goodness —that is, the goodness which implies high-mindedness, absolute honesty, unselfishness, and an in-

capacity for evil. She cares so much more for goodness than for anything else. And she has, as Mr. Henry Sidgwick pointed out in the words already quoted, an extraordinary gift for investing the dullest situations, the most commonplace occupations, not merely with interest, or with gentle satire, but with romance. Miss Yonge is one of the most romantic of writers. She does feel what Mr. Chesterton has so well expressed, that 'romance lies not upon the outside of life, but absolutely in the centre of it; she sees all the glory and beauty that lie behind the dull routine of life, and that, after all, is romance.' And this faculty is lacking in many people who sneer at the supposed goody-goodiness of Miss Yonge's books. Goody-goodiness is just the defect they have not. Some of them may be dull, or limited, or wanting in plot, but goody-goody they are not.

We should like here to quote a letter to Miss Ireland Blackburne:

> 'Here are two proofs of your conversation, which, by-the-by, must be headed "A Conversation on Books." It will not go in this time, so you will have plenty of opportunity to do what you please with it. A conversation on Archbishop Trench's book must precede it, to give the old man a chance of hearing it, as it is by a young relation of his own —young, I mean, compared with him. If I have this by the 1st of March, it will be all right.
>
> 'I once had the pleasure of meeting Lord Houghton at Mr. Gibbs', and I remember talking over with him some curious papers of Hawthorne's that nobody else seemed to appreciate.

'I am afraid that Life of George Eliot will do a great deal of mischief. It has always seemed to me a fearful thing that, for the sake of her genius and power, her defiance of all moral and religious principle in her own life should be sunk and forgotten as if it had been a sort of heroism. The underlying feeling in all her books seems to be fatalism, and the farther she drifted away from the training of her youth, the more they failed even as works of art. What a contrast between *Adam Bede* and *Daniel Deronda!* I imagine, as the *Saturday* says, that the real fact was that the essentially feminine character (not genius) was really mastered by Lewes, and that a good man could have made her do grandly good work—so that the whole seems to me a lesson against delivering up our conscience to any leader. It seems to me that what she had was a marvellous power of drawing memorable portraits, but that she gradually used up her stock. Besides this, Maggie Tulliver is a special pleading for herself—and in that way very touching—like that little poem about brother and sister; but her ideals, like Daniel Deronda himself, are utter failures. *Romola* fails—the book, I mean—because she had no religious power left wherewith to appreciate Savonarola, and so made him political. Of course Tito is one of her terrible successes.'

And Miss Yonge's romance is the romance of duty, of obedience, of loyalty. 'Der Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht,' she would have said with the Grand Master in Schiller's ballad, and we wonder much if she ever read Browning, and what she would have

made of Pompilia, of the Duchess whose flight Browning so commends, of many another who broke the bounds of conventionality and of stereotyped duty. No doubt she would have recognized that here again were new fulfillings of the way of God.

She read enormously, and it is delightful to see how whole-hearted a lover of Scott she was.

Besides Scott and Shakespeare, and, of course, the *Christian Year* and *Lyra Innocentium*, she evidently loved *I Promessi Sposi*, and, like so many of the people of the Oxford Movement, the romances of De la Motte Fouqué. Spenser she knew, and Pope, and great writers of the eighteenth century. Her much-loved Louis Fitzjocelyn reads to his lady-love from the sonnets of Lope de Vega, and we are sure Miss Yonge loved them. As was to be expected, several eminent writers were disliked by her.

Miss Yonge knew her Homer and her Virgil, and the tragedians of Greece.

The criticism in this letter, written in 1887, is not unjust:

> 'I have been reading an article in the *National Review*, showing how utterly Carlyle misquoted Cromwell's speeches, and absolutely neglected shoals of contemporary papers which would have spoilt his conception of his idol. It is curious, but, really, poor old Carlyle must have been a good deal of a humbug for all his bluster.'

She read vast numbers of chronicles and memoirs. One of her undated letters to Miss Barnett, probably in the early sixties, says:

ROOD SCREEN IN OTTERBOURNE CHURCH.

Erected to the memory of Charlotte Mary Yonge.

From a photograph, by permission of Mr. Norsworthy.

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'I hope you have Eugénie de Guérin. You are one of the people to like her especially and extremely, with her sweet religious, pastoral spirit and . . . devotion to her brother. I am exceedingly in love with her myself.'

She was extremely fond of reading aloud, and she loved biographies.

Miss Yonge had naturally very little knowledge of the stress and strain of modern problems. She was interested in *Arthur Hamilton*, an imaginary biography which was written by an eminent man of letters in the early days of his distinguished career. She writes of him as of a real person, and says to the Dean of Lincoln: 'A. must have known him at Trinity. He must have just missed Dr. Moberly at Winchester.' She goes on:

'What I think wants to be understood now especially is how far want of faith is to be treated as Sin. The Bible and the Church have always done so (query). And now even the good seem to think it is only to be dealt with as a misfortune, and that one does the most awful harm by denouncing it.'

Miss Yonge was always hopeful. She writes to Miss Barnett once:

'I do not think the mass of the world is as morally bad as it was then [in the Middle Ages]. The great saints and the great sinners are much alike in all times, I suppose, and I am afraid there are fewer ignorant simple saints. But I think the goodness of mediæval times is altogether a de-

lusion; and though I do not like "progress cant," I think the good should be owned, and not only the evil.'

It is convenient here to notice a second group of historical stories, which, although not attaining to the merits of the first group, are interesting; one or two, at least, have something of the old charm.

Stray Pearls we noticed before. *Unknown to History* is a story of a supposed daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bothwell, and gives us an interesting, quiet picture of both Mary and Elizabeth. One episode, the Anthony Babington conspiracy, is admirable. Miss Yonge makes us feel the fascination of Mary, and realize the wretched perplexities and miseries of Shrewsbury, who was so long her custodian.

The Reputed Changeling is, to our mind, quite admirable. The Puritan Major Oakshott, whose son Peregrine became possessed with the belief that he was the changeling his nurses believed him to be; the gentle heroine, Anne Woodford, and her fortunes at the Court of King James, are described in Miss Yonge's most spirited manner, and there is plenty of adventure.

Grisley Grisell is a story of the Wars of the Roses, and is an ingenious bit of work, suggested to the author by the story of Patient Griselda. It is quite worth reading, but the charm of the earlier stories has vanished, and the number of historical characters is not a little confusing.

There are several other historical stories which were published by the National Society.

Miss Yonge never lost the love for courage, for heroism, for 'the Happy Warrior.' There is a letter of hers to Mr. Palgrave, which may be quoted here, which shows her feeling for Scott. Mr. Palgrave had been writing to ask her about an article on Scott by Keble.

'My dear Mr. Palgrave,

'The shortest way will be to send you our number, to which you are very welcome as long as it can be of any use to you—though I should like to have it again ultimately.

'You will see that a good deal of the scope of the article goes to the influence of Scott's works in preparing minds for the Church movement, but the suppressed poetry breaking out is the main idea. I mean rather the suppressed inclinations finding vent in poetry. Do you know the account of a visit to Abbotsford given in the Life of Mrs. Hemans? She seems to have had the power of drawing out his grand nature in conversation. I suppose that, though her verses are weak, she had a rare power of poetical discernment; at least, almost all the subjects of her poems are so poetical in themselves that the poems provoke me as if she had been watering them down. But it was she who recorded Scott's grand speech about noble blood shed in a hopeless cause,* and for that the world owes her much gratitude. I think there is a poem in the *Lyra Innocentium* suggested by that description of Scott as a young

* The saying of Scott's is quoted in *The Daisy Chain*: 'Never let me hear that brave blood has been shed in vain. It sends a roaring voice down through all time.'

child clapping his hands and crying, "Bonnie! bonnie!" at every flash of lightning. There is something very engaging in Crabbe's Life, but I think most of his verses are more stories than poems. S. Osyth's is the one that seems to me most poetical, and that is little more than a song. Do you not think that there are too many of Mrs. Mozley's family living for her life to be really sketched? I suspect it will be shadowed out in her brother's, if he gets a tolerably worthy biographer (and how can he?). One thing struck me much: how the line of argument in the *Apologia* resembled that in the *Fairy Bower*—I mean, of course, that part of the *Apologia* where Dr. Newman vindicates his truth. Do you know her last book, *Family Adventures?* She died while it was in the press. People tell me it is very like the Newmans in their youth. I only saw her once, when I was quite a young girl.'

We come now to the group of Miss Yonge's later stories—*Nuttie's Father*, *Chantry House*, *Two Sides of a Shield*, *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, *That Stick*, *The Long Vacation*.

These need not detain us very long. In some of them we meet old frieds, Mays and Underwoods and Mohuns, but the old charm has almost vanished, and there is an absolute lack of atmosphere in the four last named. *Chantry House* to some extent breathes the old aroma, and has a delightful ghost story.

'I can't help being attracted by ghost discussions, and there are some things that I very decidedly believe.'

In both *Nuttie's Father* and *That Stick* Miss Yonge tries to draw villains, and fails, especially where she wants to show us a really wicked man of the world in the father of Nuttie. And Miss Yonge often fails to see anything good in the modern girl. There is an extraordinary *commonness* about some of her girls. Some years before she wrote a little tale in the Blue Bell Series, a set of stories which seems to have come to a premature end. In this, which is called *The Disturbing Element*, the girls are well described, but they are terribly uninteresting in the later stories. She felt herself that her modern stories failed somewhat. She writes to Miss Blackburne:

> 'I don't care much for Nuttie myself. I am getting too old to write of the swing of modern life; I don't see enough of it.'

Yet even in this book there are some vivid sketches, especially of the bright, brave Scotch girl who made so gallant a stand in poverty.

In these later years the aspect of politics was often distressing to Miss Yonge, who was by nature and conviction a Conservative, and she writes with delightful vehemence to Miss Ireland Blackburne:

> 'Thank you for your letter and exposition of Lord Hartington's views. I think it is very hard on Lords Salisbury and Iddesleigh, who have been stanch, religious Churchmen all their lives, to be accused of making a party cry of the Church's danger; and it was not they, but the *Record*, who published the scheme of the 400 robbers. It seems

to me that, if Lord Hartington and the "moderate Liberals" did not love their party and their power better than their Church, they would throw over Chamberlain and his crew instead of tampering with "the present" and Gladstone's shameful talk of "dim and distant future"; but they had rather ruin the Church than not be in office or lose their elections. . . . And then they say it is a Tory cry! Who put out the Radical programme? Were not the Tories to take it up? *They*, at least, have never tried to despoil the Church, whereas Whiggery has murdered an Archbishop, expelled our best clergy, and brought the dead Walpole blight over the Church. I don't see how she can be expected to love it.

'Don't you think that Conservatism gets great injustice done it in being supposed averse to all improvements?

'One can't sweep a house when the enemy are trying to destroy it. All one's powers are spent in defence.

'Can you explain to me the difference between a Liberal and a Radical, or why Liberals always make common cause with Radicals, and wish to put it in their power to ruin the Church and expel religious education? They say, "Oh no, we don't wish it." Then they help to do it all the same. Can you expect the Church to trust them?

'I know, of course, that the Church must not be political, but do not Liberals show themselves her natural enemies? What have they done to her in France?

'You say that is a warning, but why are Church-

Photo by W. T. Green,

REREDOS, IN THE LADY CHAPEL, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Erected to the memory of Charlotte Mary Yonge.

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people to give up their consciences and throw away their loyalty for fear of being persecuted? I am utterly miserable about it all, for it seems to me that the principle of Liberalism is to let the multitude have its own way; and as there will always be more folly and rapaciousness in the world than wisdom and conscience, it seems to me that the glory of England is gone.

'There! Please forgive me for writing bitterly, but I do feel most cruelly the destruction of the Church, and the attacks on all I have thought good and great.

'Yours sincerely,
C. M. YONGE.'

She writes again to Miss Blackburne:

'I could not get time to answer your last letter immediately, as I have been very busy in various ways, and, as you may suppose, much disappointed in the elections, in proportion no doubt to your satisfaction. But I see no safety now, humanly speaking, for the Church, or anything else that is worth preserving, unless the moderate Liberals will make a stand, which I see no signs of their intending.

'You say Mr. —— disapproves of the State assisting in religious education. We have come to a pass in which no one expects it to do so; all we ask is that it should not try to stifle religious education, and I think no one can deny that the Council of Education do so as much as they dare, and that the strong and avowed desire is to prevent the clergy from giving a Church education even to

their own children in the religious hour, and that if free education comes in, it will be at the cost of religious education.

'As to the colonies, I think representation of them here would be a very good thing. I suppose the long distances were the original hindrance.

'I believe Conservatives would be as glad as anyone to facilitate (but not compel) transfer of land. I can't understand how honest men could be content to owe their election to the deceits put about. I don't know if the stories were true about taking a halter to the poll to bring home a cow, but I do know of a man who expected a slice of the squire's grounds, of belief that the Conservatives would put a penny on the loaf, of free schools being taken to mean being free *not* to send your children to school, and a list of Mr. Strachey's promises in the paper to-day is a strange thing. Nor will Gladstone denounce attempts on the Church. It is only "not just yet." You say not this century! Poor comfort when there are only fourteen years more to come. Alas! alas! I feel they have given up to destruction all that is precious and holy.

'Yours sincerely,
'C. M. YONGE.'

What would Miss Yonge have said to the Education Bill of 1906?

She says in another letter to the same friend:

'Next time I have to set down "Likes and Dislikes," I shall put a General Election as my chief antipathy.'

Miss Yonge in her later years took up a fresh bit of work. She edited a little paper, *Mothers in Council*, the organ of the more educated mothers of the Mothers' Union, and contributed to it many papers. Changes came to her in these last fifteen years. Mr. Julian Yonge sold Otterbourne House, and died very soon after; Miss Yonge's companion and friend, Miss Walter, died in 1897, and once more she was able to receive her friends at Elderfield. The Vicar of Otterbourne, Mr. Henry Bowles, had married one of her nieces, and this was a great pleasure to her.

In a letter she writes to Miss Blackburne, who was at Hyères:

> 'I always fancied Hyères the most of these resorts, perhaps because my father was there to take charge of a consumptive cousin in 1816-17, and he used to talk of the sheets of big blue violets. He had been at Waterloo, and was with the army of occupation, and this cousin came out for the fashionable cure of living in a cow-house. . . . It must have answered in this case, for the patient lived to die an Admiral over seventy, though he had a cough all his life.'

In 1893 a presentation was made to Miss Yonge on her seventieth birthday. It consisted of an address signed by all who cared for her and for her books, and who would subscribe one shilling. The sum subscribed amounted to £200, and out of this a lich-gate was given to Otterbourne Churchyard, and an afternoon-tea table and set were bought by her for herself. She writes to the Dean of Salisbury after the presentation of the birthday address:

'It was a wonderful surprise, for the secret had been very well kept, and the day before I had a present from my former and present scholars which gave me great delight. £200 came with the autographs. . . .

'I do feel that Mr. Keble's blessing, "Prosper Thou the work of her hands upon her," has been most marvellously fulfilled, and this has brought me to think that the peculiar care and training that were given me by my father, Mr. Keble and M. A. D. [Miss Dyson] seem to have been appointed to make me a sort of instrument for popularizing Church views that might not have been otherwise taken in; and so I am thankful to believe that is my place as a polished corner.'

A few years later a sum of money was collected and given to her, in order to found a scholarship for the girls of Winchester High School, to be held at one of the women's colleges in Oxford or Cambridge.

The present writer may be permitted to add another reminiscence. In 1896 I was staying at Shawford, near Winchester, with the late Dr. Robert Moberly and his family; we had taken rooms together for a few days of the Easter holidays. Miss Yonge, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance, very kindly came to see me, and we walked back to Otterbourne over the downs. As we went she began to talk of Church matters, of the *Lux Mundi* school of thought, of the Christian Social Union. She could not, she said, feel in sympathy with much of these newer phases of thought. I ventured then to remind her of what she herself had

put into Dr. May's mouth, as to the Quest of the Holy Grail and the perplexity it had caused King Arthur. She smiled and seemed to like the allusion. I longed to say much more and to ask her many questions, but time was short and my shyness was great.

We went to Evensong at Otterbourne. I have always felt that evening to have been one of the supreme moments of my life. It was an extraordinary privilege to kneel just once by the writer who had more than anyone else influenced one's mind in the early days of youth, had helped one to care for the Church and for all that the Church implies, who had been one's first teacher. Miss Yonge, indeed, had stood for much in the life of a motherless child, who had very little outward help or guidance, who had found in *The Daisy Chain* her first real friends, and who had learned from Miss Yonge to love the *Christian Year* and many another book.

There are greater writers of more original genius to whom one owes much, but I think there are none whom one thanks so gratefully for what she taught one to reverence and to love.

In this connection I may be permitted to quote a letter to myself. She wrote to me at the time of my husband's death:

> 'Will you allow one who is almost a stranger to you personally, to express my deep sympathy and sorrow when I saw the notice in the paper of the awful blow that has fallen on you? I know from Annie Moberly of your great kindness on my

birthday last year, and that leads me to hope that you will not feel a few words from an old woman an intrusion; though pray do not try to answer them, as I shall hear of you from Annie. I have thought of you in my prayers, and may you and your children have full comfort and joy in communion alike with those gone before and with the Comforter and great Head of the Church.

'A very dear friend of mine, Mrs. Gibbs, whose name you know in connection with Keble College, used to say that the losses of her husband and several of her children had made "Therefore with Angels and Archangels," etc., more to her than ever. If you do not know William Tupper's sonnet, "Ye saints in Heaven, dear Jesu's Body Glorious, From Abel to the babe baptized but now," ask Annie to show it to you. Mrs. Keble used to keep a copy in her pocket.

'Yours very sincerely,

'C. M. YONGE.'

A short time before this Miss Yonge wrote about Newman, whose letters had just been published:

'What seems to me to be the fact . . . is that, having been brought up in the Protestant school of thought, and worked out Catholicity for himself, when everybody thundered at the *Tracts*, etc., he thought the fault lay in the Church of England, not only in the blundering of individuals, and he did not wait to see her clear herself. And then I think that he had, apparently, never thoroughly followed the times between the separa-

tion from the Greek Church and the Reformation. Hurrell Froude was doing it, but there has been so much less research [about that period?] that H. F. takes for granted that Roman Ritual is necessarily Apostolical, without (apparently) having found out about equally Apostolical rites that Rome had crushed—*e.g.*, Gallican, Spanish, not to say our own Uses. And now we have all that was like a day-dream to them.'

She writes from Salisbury:

'Dean Church's beautiful book* came in time for me to work it in with the Cardinal [*Newman's Letters*]. It is a sort of key. By the way, there is a mistake—I don't know whether J. H. N.'s or Miss Mozley's—about the consecration of a church to which he could not go in 1838: it is said to be Hursley, but it really was Otterbourne. Hursley was not consecrated, of course, till years after. I read Hurrell Froude immediately after . . . then I read Dean Church, who is most delightful every way, and how he does scathe the Hebdomadal Board! How like it was to the seed bursting and bringing forth much fruit! What beautiful sketches there are of Mr. Keble and Charles! It seems to me the real portrait of Mr. Keble.

'Those letters between "Jemima" and J. H. N. are most—I should say interesting, but that the word has been spoilt. It is altogether a wonderful book. I still think that patience was wanting, but partly from the not having grown up in the love of the Mother Church.'

* *History of the Oxford Movement.*

We are reaching the end now. Miss Yonge was happy and full of interest, and devoted to her work and her teaching of the Otterbourne children.

One old friend after another passed away, and she was left almost the only one of her generation. Miss Dyson and Miss Barnett were gone. She wrote of the approaching death of Miss Bigg-Wither, one of her earliest friends :

'My dear Mrs. Norsworthy,

'I must write a few lines to thank you for your account of my dear old friend, who, I feel, is lying in the land of Beulah, though broken by these times of distress. It was something the same with good old Judge Patteson, father of the Bishop. He had a throat complaint that he knew must bring final choking. And when it had very nearly come, as he revived, he said, "The beautiful angel is gone, but he will soon come again!" I am very glad you can be constantly with her. . . . With much love to my dear M. A.

'Yours very sincerely,

'C. M. Yonge.'

Miss Yonge was spared all gradual decay; she lay down one spring afternoon, just as the daffodils she loved so well were coming into bloom, and she passed away after her last Communion, on the Eve of the Annunciation, 1901.

She lies in Otterbourne Churchyard, and we who loved her and who realize how bravely, how cheerfully she had worked, and striven, and borne disappointments, perplexities, bereavements—we who,

Photo by W. T. Green.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

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even though we cannot now see truth exactly as she saw it, yet know that to her we owe love and gratitude for the ideal she held up, the hopes she inspired, the love she kindled—feel Otterbourne is for ever to us a hallowed spot.

Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.

THE SECRET OF MISS YONGE'S INFLUENCE

THERE are comparatively few women now surviving who can speak from personal experience of the influence exercised over their young days by Charlotte Yonge's books. Nor can I entirely come myself under that category, inasmuch as, having been cradled, so to speak, in the arms of the Oxford Movement, I can hardly specify which *one* out of the many influences surrounding my childhood spoke to me most powerfully.

Not much in the way of 'High Church' doctrine was ever definitely taught to us as children by word of mouth, but the utmost care was taken as to the choice of our books and hymns. The quaint doggerel to which Watts thought it necessary to stoop when writing for children, the dismal Calvinism of *The Fairchild Family*, the irreverent familiarity of the *Peep of Day* and *Line upon Line*, were unknown in our nursery and schoolroom. Our earliest 'Bible book' was one containing the history of the Fall and the Gospel story in the words of Scripture, compiled by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce; and we were brought up upon his allegories and those of Adams and Monro; upon Mrs. Alexander's hymns—as devout, spiritual, and tender as they are dogmatic; upon the *Christian Year*, Neale's stories of saints and martyrs, Paget's *Tales of the Village Children;* and, among other beloved books, *Ivo and Verena* and *The Birthday.* I am glad to say, however, that *Pilgrim's Progress*, unabridged and

delightfully illustrated, was among our great favourites.

But while conscious that all these had their marked effect, I should certainly place in the first rank of books that influenced my girlhood Miss Sewell's and Miss Yonge's. I place them in this order, not as their order of merit, but because we began with *Laneton Parsonage* and *Amy Herbert*, which, I think, appeared before Miss Yonge's stories for children. We first made acquaintance with Miss Yonge in the pages of the *Monthly Packet*, which set out upon its long and useful career in 1851.

This periodical, edited by Miss Yonge, and especially intended for girls of schoolroom age 'and after,' supplied a great need, and must have played a great part in awakening and fostering Church feeling and principles among young people. In our large family it was fairly read to pieces.

Old-fashioned Sunday habits reigned in our home, relieved, however, from the gloom of earlier times by special joys and little indulgences which made Sunday the happiest day of the week. In the matter of reading, our rules were strict. Pleasant and interesting 'Sunday books' we always had, but they were different from our week-day ones. Novels and fairy tales, and even Dickens's Christmas stories, were forbidden. But whatever was contained in the *Monthly Packet* was always permitted, and it was a happy hunting-ground indeed, for girls and boys alike, on Sundays.

Miss Yonge's stories were its crowning attraction. *The Little Duke*, *The Lances of Lynwood*, *The Caged Lion*, gave us vivid pictures of early Norman and British history, both civil and ecclesiastical. *The*

Pigeon Pie awoke fervent cavalier sentiment, and, indeed, but for counteracting influences, would have made us firm believers in the Divine right of kings.

Then began the series of longer stories which took our whole generation by storm, and which I would fain believe will never die. Certain it is that they are still read and beloved, even in these degenerate days of unwholesome literature.

The Daisy Chain was the first that came out in the *Monthly Packet*, but *The Heir of Redclyffe* and *Heartsease* occupy special thrones in my memory, inasmuch as they were the first modern novels that I was allowed to read.

It has often been said that these novels inculcated Church principles. But it is to be noted that they do not do this anything like as directly as do Miss Sewell's stories. Miss Yonge's novels awake and commend Church principles far more by what they assume and imply than by what they preach. No doubt they make us acquainted with perhaps a Utopian number of excellent clergy and of 'High Church' laymen. But these characters win our hearts, not by or what they 'inculcate,' but by their *livingness*. Miss Yonge surely has few rivals in this particular gift. Her people are never puppets. The eleven Mays, the thirteen Underwoods—each and all stand out as distinct and most living individuals. We know their family likenesses and diversities; their several faults, idiosyncrasies, and merits; their charm, their provokingness, their humour or their want of it—in short, they become as living people to us. We find even the disagreeable ones interesting, while the lovable ones become

lifelong friends. Thus, as with real people, we take them with their atmosphere, and Miss Yonge's atmosphere being saturated with Church convictions, her readers, half unconsciously, imbibe them.

Except for certain allusions to parish work and other religious undertakings, and to the Holy Communion, it would be difficult to find in *The Heir of Redclyffe* any distinctively 'High Church' teaching. In *Heartsease* there is still less, and yet this same atmosphere is unmistakably present.

The episode of Cocksmoor in *The Daisy Chain* brings before us with great skilfulness and power the splendid work done for schools in the villages, when separating religion from education was so far from being dreamt of that religion was the inspiring force of all that was undertaken, and the chief thing taught, while the Church was the acknowledged foster-mother of all the children.

I cannot but believe that many a real Cocksmoor has been taken in hand under the influence of *The Daisy Chain.*

There is a more distinct Church note struck in *The Young Stepmother* and several of the later novels; but, at the same time, the author has sufficient gifts of humour and discernment to bring out with admirable point—notably in *The Pillars of the House*—the weak side of 'High' Churchmanship when tainted with externalism or with spiritual pride and narrowness.

Indeed, while Miss Yonge is deliberately blind of one eye as to King Charles I., politics, Women's Rights, fashions in dress, old-fashioned proprieties, and other Early Victorian opinions, it is striking to observe in her later books a broader toleration in

matters of religion than we meet with in her first stories, although her own convictions remain unchanged.

During some consecutive years Miss Yonge published in the *Monthly Packet* a really valuable series of *Conversations on the Catechism*, which ought not to have been allowed to go out of print. It forms an excellent handbook of Anglican theology, and shows wide reading and much knowledge. Taking it up again in my old age, I have been struck by the degree to which it forms the basis of my own religious thought.

In the novel which I unhesitatingly place highest among Miss Yonge's works, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, we find, among many other merits (it is the only one that has a good plot), an admirable grasp of the Catholic and Huguenot positions, and scrupulous justice, nay—more, sympathetic appreciation—accorded to each side. The *via media* of the English Church is drawn out in vivid and favourable contrast to the violent extremes of religious factions in France during the terrible times of Catherine de Medici.

There can be no doubt that the writings of Charlotte Yonge have inspired more than two generations of readers with enthusiastic belief in the truth and office of the Church of England, and in its historic continuity with the Church of Augustine and Anselm.

LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

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